

The Listener

Published by the British Broadcasting Corporation

Vol. X

Wednesday, 13 September 1933

No. 244

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS	PAGE		PAGE
THE AMERICAN RECOVERY PROGRAMME (H. A. Marquand)	369	OUT OF DOORS:	
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:		Planning the Future of British Forests (R. S. Troup)	392
Finland—A Nation in the Making (C. G. Ammon)	371	Old Friends Recalled (Jason Hill) .. .	394
The Highest Lone Climb on Everest (F. S. Smythe)	373		
The Passing of a Great Statesman (The Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley)	380	POINTS FROM LETTERS:	
Fighting the Dervishes at Omdurman (Colonel E. A. Stanton)	381	Rock Gardening Without Rocks—Weather Forecasting—Wireless a Hundred Years Ago?—Sculpture in Wood—Modern Art—Religion and Art—Public School Religion—Man and Civilisation—Memoirs of the Unemployed—In Defence of the Economist—Modern Poetry—Should Music be Seen? .. .	396
Memoirs of the Unemployed (A Young Casual Labourer and a Skilled Letterpress Printer)	387		
THE LISTENER:		SHORT STORY:	
Science and Education .. .	376	Dunky Fitlow (A. E. Coppard) .. .	400
Week by Week .. .	376		
ART:		BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
Byzantine Mosaics (David Talbot Rice)	378	The Improvement of Grassland (B. A. Keen) .. .	395
THE LISTENER'S MUSIC:		George Moore (W. J. Turner) .. .	401
Seeing and Hearing—I. (Harvey Grace)	383	The Listener's Book Chronicle .. .	402
ARCHÆOLOGY:		One Purney, a Poet (Edmund Blunden) .. .	404
Excavators' Progress—IX. Africa (Stanley Casson)	384	POEM:	
SCIENCE:		Sea Dirge (Edgar Foxall) .. .	401
The 'Everyday' Scientist (A. S. Russell)	390	PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION	399
The Need for Co-ordination in Science (Gerald Heard)	391	THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD	ii
		SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES	vi

The American Recovery Programme

By H. A. MARQUAND

An impression by Professor Marquand, who has just returned from an extensive tour of America, of the progress of what is admittedly the most novel and drastic economic experiment of the moment

DURING the year I have just spent in America I have travelled all round the country in a second-hand car, and passed through thirty-six of the forty-eight States. At the beginning of my tour I was studying industrial conditions in the Southern States. Then I went right across the Continent from Florida to California, and I gained the impression that business and trade were getting steadily worse all the time. Six months ago, when Mr. Roosevelt was inaugurated as President of the United States, I was in San Francisco. It seemed as if the whole American economic system was on the verge of collapse. Every bank in the country was closed for more than a week. The Gold Standard was abandoned. Fourteen or fifteen million industrial workers were unemployed. Farmers—who form a quarter of the population—were finding it impossible to pay their taxes and their mortgage interest. In many thousands of cases their farms had been sold over their heads. Millions of householders in the cities were in the same plight. The States and the cities were finding it increasingly difficult to collect the taxes, while millions of unemployed had exhausted their resources and were dependent upon public funds. Many authorities, in spite of drastic salary cuts, were in debt to their teachers and police, and some of them were obliged to close down their schools. Thousands who had lost their savings in bank failures had no security left but their insurance policies, and the companies

felt themselves obliged to fix a very low limit for loans made to policy-holders.

President Roosevelt was bound to take swift action. He had made no specific promises in his election campaign. But everyone knew that he must do something, and do it quickly. What did he do? He persuaded Congress to pass in three months a number of laws which give him power over industry and finance such as no President has ever before possessed, except in war-time. Mr. Roosevelt is making war on the depression with the support of the overwhelming majority of his countrymen.

A New Spirit of Hopefulness

Almost from the moment of his inauguration, in spite of the closing of the banks, I sensed a new spirit of hopefulness in the people I met. I went from San Francisco up to Seattle, and then back across the Rocky Mountains and the great prairies to the cities of the Middle West—Minneapolis and Milwaukee, Chicago and Detroit, and Akron and Ohio, where they make the tyres for motor-cars. That was in the months of May and June. The ordinary man in the street seemed to be confident that now at last somebody was in control of things who could really restore prosperity. The business men and the economists were a good deal more cautious; but even they seemed to feel that it was right to take action, and that, once action was taken, everybody should do his best to make it a success. As I continued my journey eastwards to Boston and New York I found everywhere the same

feeling. Men and women were being called back to work, and some of the factories were going all out, twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. The Stock Exchange became optimistic and share prices rose. As the President's programme developed, very little criticism of it was to be heard.

Mr. Roosevelt's attack is twofold. First of all, he is attempting to raise prices, especially wholesale prices and the prices of farm products. If the price he receives for his product can be raised the producer will find it easier to pay his debts. So the Secretary of Agriculture is now subsidising farmers to reduce their production of staple crops, such as cotton. The money for the subsidy is obtained by taxing all the manufacturers and processors who handle these crops while they are being prepared for final consumption. The tax will be passed on by them to the consumer in the form of higher prices. At the same time the sum of four hundred million pounds is made available to government agencies to provide mortgage-loans to farmers at a lower rate of interest than they are now paying. Another four hundred million pounds is provided for house mortgage loans of a similar kind. It is hoped that as soon as the farmers begin to be more prosperous, they will start buying the products of industry again and so bring about the re-employment of industrial workers. Meanwhile, to fill the gap, the United States Government will spend six hundred million pounds to create new employment on public works all over the country. The agricultural part of the programme has not received as much notice as the industrial; but it is probably more fundamental. The one certainly cannot succeed without the other; and I advise you not to forget that when you are forming your opinion.

Sharing Out the Work

The second effort of the Recovery Programme is to share out work among as many workers as possible. During the last two years nearly all the big employers of the country have been trying to share out the work among their employees by reducing the number of hours worked by any individual to twenty-five or thirty or thirty-five per week. I have talked to many officials of the big concerns and they are convinced that shorter working hours for all is a thoroughly sound way of tackling unemployment. They believe that American industry, with its great productive power, could easily afford to give its workers greater leisure. But the employers who followed this plan found that the competition of other employers whose costs were lower was destroying their trade. Those who shortened hours could not reduce rates of wages as low as those who kept the old hours but dismissed some of their workers. And it is the rate of wages, not the earnings of the individual worker, which is important in determining the cost of production. So they said to the President: 'If you want us to shorten hours, you must guarantee us against competition'. That is what these codes you have heard so much about try to do. It is illegal in America to join in an association to limit competition; but under the National Recovery Act the President has power to exempt any group of manufacturers from the operation of this law. In return, he compels them to conform to a 'code of fair competition' which requires them to pay agreed minimum wages and observe agreed maximum hours. Moreover, all who adhere to a code must agree not to interfere with their workers if they want to join a trade union, and must deal with the union if a majority of their employees wish them to do so.

Wages to Conform to Rising Prices

Mr. Roosevelt and all his advisers believe firmly that unless wages can be advanced fast enough to keep pace with rising prices, the increased output of goods will not be consumed and there will be another collapse of trade. Here they have had two big difficulties to meet. First of all, as soon as prices rose—and they have risen a good deal

—many manufacturers began to produce goods as hard as they could, hoping to sell later at high prices. They delayed in submitting codes for approval, so that they could still pay low wages while piling up stocks. Therefore, General Johnson—who is the chief administrator of the industrial section of this huge programme—introduced the so-called 'blanket code'. This simply means that all employers outside the industries which have regular codes are urged to make individual contracts with the President himself that they will pay higher wages and grant shorter hours. There is no force but public opinion behind these agreements. Everybody who signs one may display a blue eagle on his goods, and the public is encouraged to buy blue eagle goods only. It is hoped that this will fill the gap until all the codes for various industries can be approved. Even under this plan, however, there is a good deal of delay. In New York the other day, as I passed through Union Square, I saw a huge notice over a certain well-known shop which sells cheap clothing. In blue letters three or four feet high were the words 'The Blue Eagle', then in somewhat smaller red letters—'will be here soon'.

The second difficulty arose because many employers intensely dislike the encouragement given to trade unions by the Recovery Act. They are afraid that the code will oblige them to settle wages and conditions by negotiating with unions. Some of them have works councils in their factories which they claim will satisfy the requirements of the law as well as independent unions. These councils are usually called 'company unions' and about a million and a quarter American workers are covered by them. But their chief function is the discussion of small grievances, the explanation of new processes and that kind of thing. They seldom deal with wages; trade union agents are not allowed to appear before them; and in most cases, if a dispute arises, the decision of the works manager or the managing director is final.

Many of the President's advisers feel that the existence of trade unions is the best guarantee that wages will rise sufficiently fast to make the plan a success, and they do not want to compromise on this issue. Moreover, the wording of the law is definite, that the employer has no right to object to collective bargaining if his workers want it. In the new spirit of confidence which is now abroad in America, workers by the thousand are joining the unions.

Resistance from Mr. Ford

As you all know, Mr. Henry Ford has refused to adhere to the code for the motor industry and has therefore given the lead to those employers who dislike the new programme. Mr. Ford detests any kind of government interference in industry, and he has always been a very vigorous opponent of trade unions. We shall all watch the outcome of his opposition with interest. The law gives the President power to compel minorities to conform to codes which are agreed by the majority. More powerful still is the weapon of public opinion. Mr. Ford's engineering triumphs and his immense wealth have made him a great public figure. But there is a new hero in America today.

So far the programme has not been so successful as was hoped. General Johnson aimed at the re-employment of six million workers by this time. The most cheerful estimates put the actual achievement at three million. But three million or even two million in three months isn't bad; and there is no sign of weakening in popular support for the great experiment. Nevertheless, it is still an experiment. The small business man, in particular, finds himself awkwardly placed.

If a small manufacturer is expected to raise his costs of production by increasing wages and shortening hours, he is bound to go to the bank and ask for credit. The Government may have to provide new money in order that the banks may give that credit and so give some assurance that the goods produced will be sold for a

(Continued on page 391)



Typical lake scenery in Finland: a view of Kankola, Tammela

By courtesy of the Finnish Legation

Finland—A Nation in the Making

By C. G. AMMON

Mr. Ammon has just returned from Finland, which he visited with a small party of British Members of Parliament to study social and industrial conditions in the country, which at the present time is making special efforts towards trade co-operation with Great Britain

A FINNISH friend of mine wanted to improve his knowledge of the English language, so he decided to live in England for a time and booked some suitable lodgings. When he arrived here his landlady said, with obvious disappointment, 'Are you really from Finland? You don't look a bit like an Esquimo'. That lady was expressing a widely-held idea as to that interesting but little known land and its inhabitants.

The Finns are a fair-haired, fair-complexioned, fine, upstanding people, and mixing with them in the streets and places of assembly there is nothing in their dress to differentiate them from people one sees and meets in London, Paris, or any other great city. In the country districts the women still wear the picturesque native costumes.

Finland has only been easily accessible to visitors from other lands since 1918. For upwards of 700 years it was under the domination of other nations, first Sweden, then Russia, and it was not until the conclusion of the Great War that political independence was gained. It is a sparsely populated country of great distances. After Russia, France, Spain, Sweden and Germany, it is the biggest country in Europe, but its population is only about three-and-a-half millions—that is twenty-seven persons to the square mile. Next to Russia, Finland is Europe's richest country in timber, and its timber exports rank with those of America and Canada. There are over sixty million acres of forest, which is slightly more than in Sweden and almost twice the amount in Germany.

About a ninth of the country is water—there are innumerable lakes. Some estimates give the number as thirty-seven thousand;

others as sixty thousand. At any rate, thirty-seven thousand are charted, and some of them are veritable inland seas, gemmed with beautiful wooded islands. The chief cities are wonderfully clean and well planned. There are no slums, and the capital, Helsingfors—or Helsinki, to give its Finnish name—contains some very fine buildings designed by Finnish architects who are among the best in the world, and how quiet Helsinki is among European capitals! Motor horns must not be sounded in the city, and the onus of care against accident is placed upon driver and pedestrian. Whether such a regulation would operate successfully under more crowded traffic conditions is not easy to determine. There is no illiteracy in Finland; the general cultural standard is the highest in the world, and the capital proudly claims to possess the finest book shop in Europe. Education is compulsory to the age of sixteen years, and the school summer holidays there last three months. All workers in industry are entitled by law to an annual summer holiday of not less than seven working days, and clerks, shop assistants and warehouse-workers get from seven days to one month according to length of service. The eight-hour working day is legally established, and sickness and incapacity are provided for by compulsory insurance.

Wages, judged on a cash basis in comparison with other European countries such as Great Britain, are very low. But in a country where there are no extremes of wealth and poverty it is almost impossible to make exact comparisons. For instance, the Prime Minister of Finland receives a salary of £400 per annum, and a like amount is the stipend of a judge of the supreme court. On the present

cost of living one is more than passing rich on such an income in Finland.

No State provision is made for the relief of the unemployed beyond road making and other public works, chiefly the concern of the Communes or Civil authorities, towards which the State makes a contribution. In the main the care of the unemployed and the aged poor without means is left to what in this country would be the Poor Law authorities.

There are 28,000 unemployed in Finland. The general high level of education and co-operation have contributed largely to Finland's success. In no other country has the co-operative movement found such general acceptance as a means of utilising the nation's resources more rationally, and of raising the material and moral standard of the people. The system of small-holdings is closely linked with this. It is estimated that one-sixth of the population is associated with the co-operative movement, and that small-holdings support forty per cent. of the whole nation. Hard work, patience and mobilisation of all available forces must be added to this, and the result is that a high degree of civilisation, possibly without parallel, has been wrung out of Finland's scanty natural resources. Scientific forestry and agriculture comprise the chief industries. The economic life-blood of Finland is the sap of its forest trees. Over eighty per cent. of its foreign trade is in timber and timber products, including paper and pulp, most of which is exported to Great Britain.

On the great lakes, rivers and rapids, as in Canada, single trunks and huge rafts of felled timber float or are towed down to the saw and pulp mills and factories. These factories and mills all have the most up-to-date machinery and equipment both for the work and for the care and social welfare of the workers.

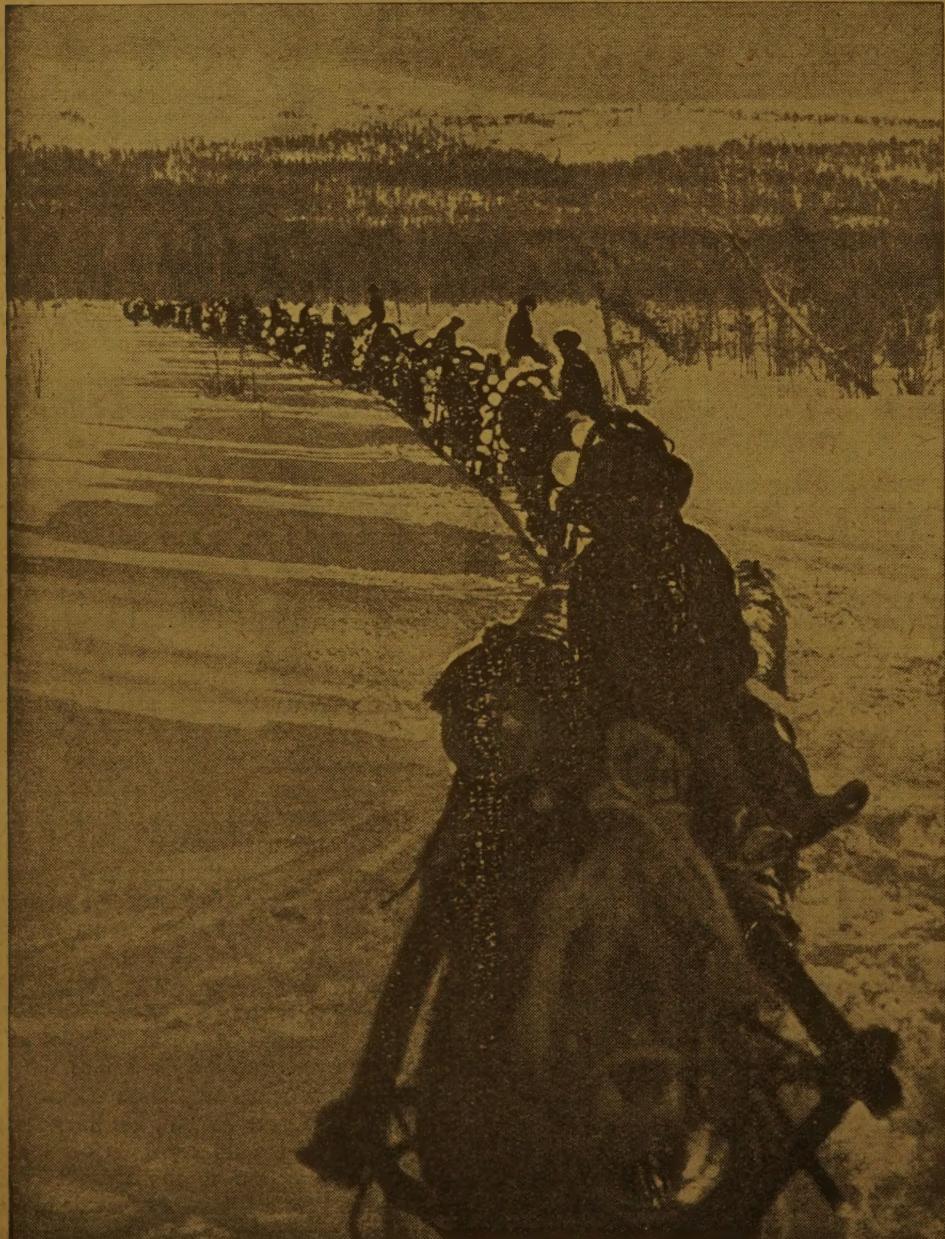
One striking result of the rapid economic development has been that the timber companies, such as at Kymmene, have had to undertake the work proper to local government authorities and in addition to the factories to build houses, schools, shops, hospitals, town halls, clubs and all the appurtenances of civilisation to meet the social needs of their workpeople and maintain them until the civic government has grown sufficiently to take over.

The study of cause and effect is always interesting. It seems a far cry from the spread of popular education and the distribution of widely-circulated newspapers in other lands to the vast forests of Finland. Yet, were it not for these expressions of our modern civilisation, it is doubtful whether Finland could support her three and a half millions of population.

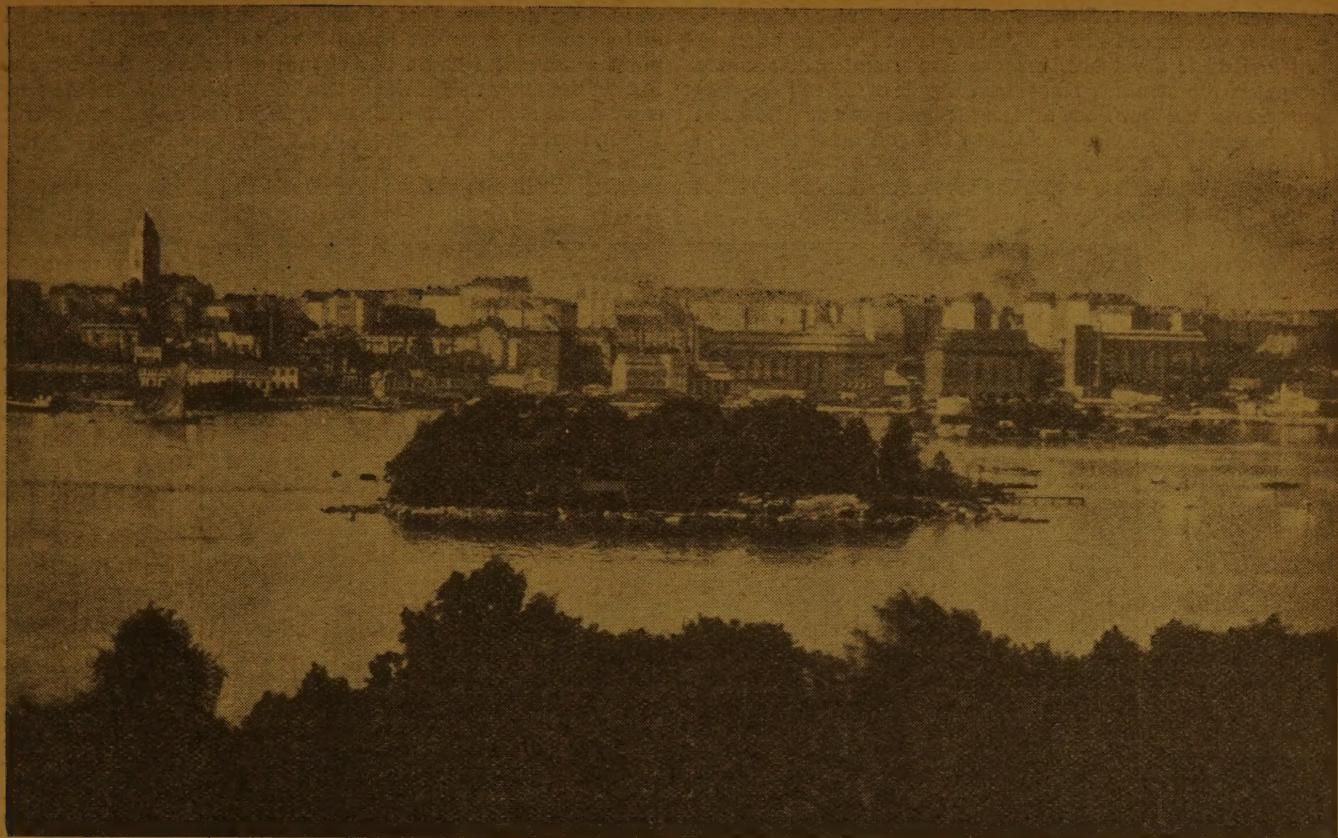
The Finnish people are warmly appreciative of Great Britain, and when I left, a week or so ago, the shops in Helsinki were stocking for sale quantities of small Union Jacks to be worn and otherwise displayed during British Week which is at present being held there. This event—the first of its kind in Finnish history—is under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and of the President of Finland.

The central feature of the week is a shop window display of British goods, but many other arrangements have been made to promote in Finland a better understanding and appreciation of things British. For some time past Finland, with her very favourable balance of trade with Great Britain, has been realising the necessity of making larger purchases in this country if it is to continue to enjoy the favourable market which is here for the large timber and paper exports. To encourage Finnish buyers to turn their attention to this country as a source of supply of all kinds of products, it was originally suggested last year that a British Exhibition should be held in Finland. But for various reasons this idea was dropped. Early this year, however, after the successful mission to Finland which was undertaken under the chairmanship of Sir Alan Anderson, the idea was reborn in different shape. British Week is the culmination of many months of effort in arranging for all classes of Finnish people to see the products of British manufacturing firms in their own shop windows.

In order that the display shall be seen by as many people as possible, additional entertainments are being provided to attract people into the towns. To name a few, the Band and Pipers of the Second Battalion of the Black Watch are giving performances in the most important towns throughout the week, Royal Air Force flying boats have gone



Carting timber in Lapland
From 'Finnish Agriculture and Forestry' (Werner Södersjööm Osakeyhtiö, Porvoo)



A general view of Helsingfors

From 'Helsingfors, Nordens Vita Stad,' by Carolus Lindberg (Werner Söderström Osakeyhtiö)

over to Helsinki, and H.M.S. *York* is in harbour during the week. Other events include a two-day athletic meeting with the Finns in the fine stadium. Matches between a team of first-class British lawn tennis players and the best of Finnish players; performances by an English theatrical company in the local theatre, and displays by a team sent out especially by the English Folk Dancers' Society.

It is a tribute to the character of the Finnish people

and to their very great friendliness for this country that it has been possible for this British Week to be arranged. When you realise that during the whole of this week no one can move in the streets of Helsinki without having some feature of British life brought to his notice, you will appreciate the extraordinary effort of goodwill which the Finnish Government and all the people of Finland are displaying.

The Highest Lone Climb on Everest

By F. S. SMYTHE

Last week Mr. Hugh Ruttledge gave a general account of the attempt to climb Everest this year. Here is a personal description of the attempts on the summit by Mr. F. S. Smythe, who himself led the successful attempt on Mount Kamet in 1931

WHEN Mr. Ruttledge broadcast, he said nothing about himself, and I should like to say at once that his policy of slow acclimatisation to altitude and siege methods, as well as general organisation, worked perfectly. Actually, we spent a month at 21,000 feet and over. The only snag was the weather, and that this year was appalling—the worst weather ever experienced by an Everest expedition.

After a hard time on the East Rongbuk Glacier, in blizzard after blizzard and temperatures of over 50 degrees of frost, Camp IV was finally established on the North Col by the middle of May at a height of 23,000 feet. It was from here that the attacks on the summit were launched. There were really three attempts. The first was on May 23. This, though it failed owing to a sixty-hour blizzard, at least succeeded in establishing Camp V at 25,700 feet. The Tibetans believe in a cold hell: Camp V was the nearest approach to it during the three days we spent there. We were covered in snow that penetrated our tents; sleep was impossible; the wind reached hurricane force. Our tents were only a few yards from the edge of a 4,000-feet precipice. Suddenly one side of the tent Shipton and I were sharing tore loose from the boulders to which it was tied. It billowed in on us. For one moment we thought we were going to be blown off the mountain. The wind was so bad that it was only

possible to crawl outside when securing the tent. As the blizzard still raged we had to retreat to Camp IV. It was a sorry little procession that slowly fought its way down to safety. Nearly all our porters were frostbitten, and two subsequently lost fingers. Two or three of us were also frostbitten. This ended the first attempt.

The second attempt was begun on May 28, when Wyn Harris, Wager, Longland and Birnie reascended to Camp V. The following day Wyn Harris, Wager and Longland went on with their porters to establish Camp VI, while Shipton and I ascended to Camp V where Birnie had remained in support. Soon after we got there Longland returned with his porters. He had had a dreadful descent in a blizzard and was simply sheeted in ice. But he brought wonderful news. Camp VI had been established at 27,400 feet, 600 feet higher than any camp has ever been established before—about 1,700 feet below the summit. After this tremendous effort he had safely brought the porters down in the teeth of a blizzard. The Sherpas and Bhutias had put up a most gallant show. They had carried loads of 15 lbs. at an altitude where every step is an effort and the lungs gasp painfully in the thin air. They are the toughest little men in the world, and no hardships or discomforts can quench a cheeriness which is an essential part of their nature.

Next day, while Wyn Harris and Wager were making their

attempt on the summit, Shipton and I climbed up to Camp VI. Soon after we arrived there Wyn Harris and Wager returned. They had made a valuable reconnaissance and a determined attempt on the summit, reaching a height of 28,100 ft., only 1,000 ft. from the top. They told us the best route to follow and then descended. To visualise Camp VI you must imagine a little tent some 4 ft. high perched on a steep slope of stones—one of the few breaks in a vast expanse of smooth and pitiless slabs. It is tilted awkwardly outwards and about one-third projects unsupported into nothing.

It was so cold that it took over an hour to melt snow and make two cups of luke-warm tea. We spent a very uncomfortable night. Apart from the angle of the tent, all the sharpest stones in Asia arranged themselves beneath it. Next day a great disappointment awaited us. There came yet another blizzard and advance was impossible. That blizzard covered the rocks in fresh snow and ruined any chance we had of reaching the summit. However, next morning we set out at 7 a.m. on our attempt. An earlier start was impossible, owing to wind and cold. We found ourselves going well. It was a great shock to me, therefore, when after perhaps an hour and a half Shipton succumbed to some internal trouble and was unable to go on. As Ruttledge has remarked, there is no room for false heroism on Everest. If Shipton had gone on until he dropped it might

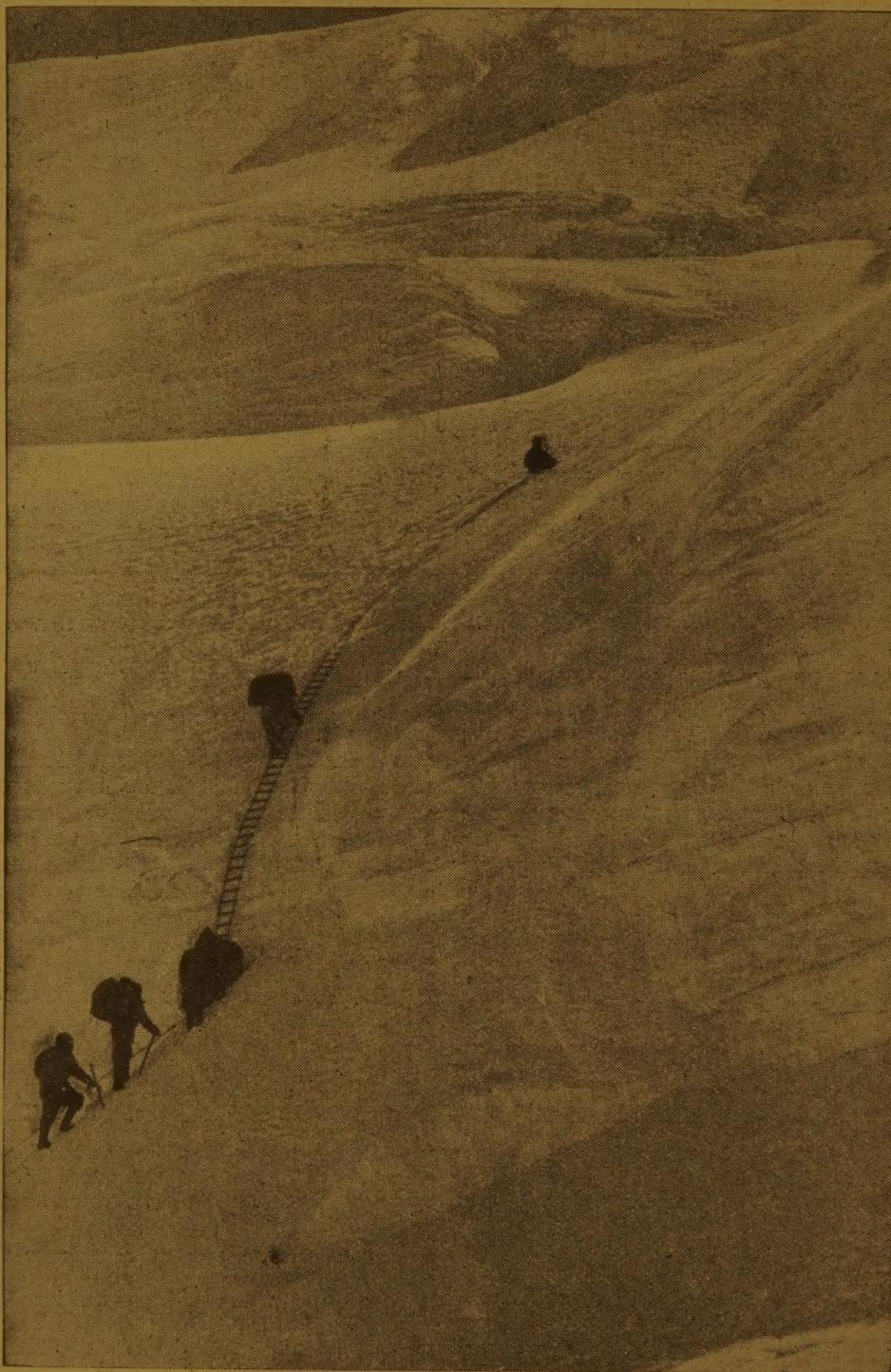
have meant the death of both of us. As it was he did the right thing and was able to return to Camp VI under his own steam.

I carried on alone, following the route discovered by Brigadier Norton and Somervell in 1924. When the rocks are free from snow it is unpleasant going; when they are snow-covered, as they were now, it was very unpleasant going. The slabs on the upper part of Everest are like the tiles on the roof of a house. I found myself dependent on friction of the boot-nails alone, and this friction was minimised by the flour-like snow covering the slabs. A slip would have meant a fall on to the Rongbuk glacier 8,000 ft. beneath. At 10 a.m. I reached the great gully that

cleaves the northern face of Everest. The snow here was hard and steps had to be cut across it with the ice axe. Up to this point I thought I had a fair chance of reaching the summit. But on the other side of the gully I realised at once that the new snow made it impossible. The angle here was much steeper and I found myself sinking thigh deep into snow like castor sugar that offered no resistance in the event of a slip. After an hour of the nastiest climbing I have ever done I had gained only about 50 feet of height, and had reached about the same point as Wyn Harris and Wager did, 1,000 ft. from the top. The bitterness of defeat was brought home to me. But at that height, where all the senses are dulled by lack of oxygen, I felt as though I was moving in a dream. I had to pull myself together on the way back. It was so easy to slip and I felt that if I did I should merely wake up in bed.

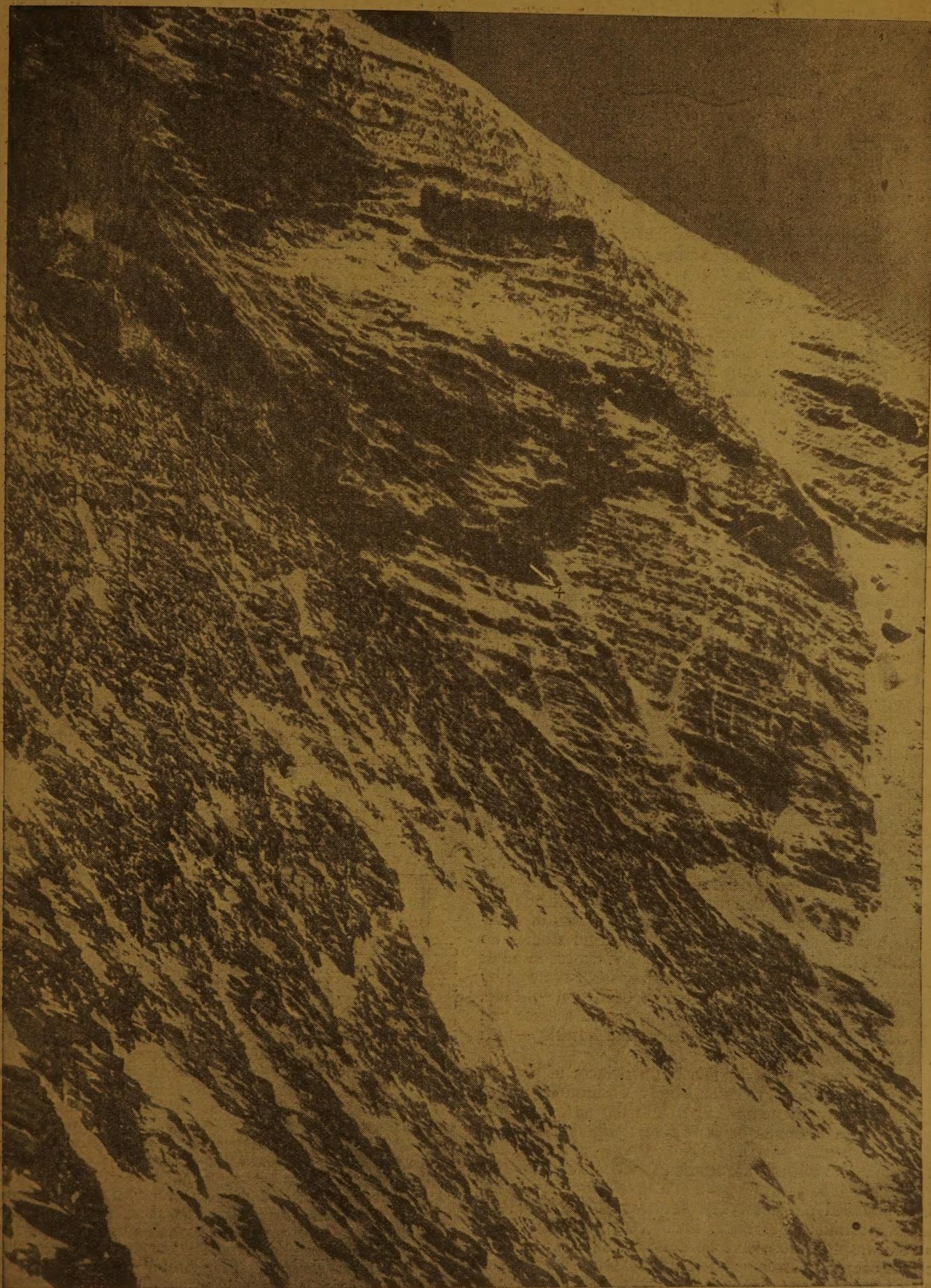
When at last I got back to Camp VI, I found Shipton there. He decided to go down to Camp V. About an hour after he had left a sudden and furious storm broke. I was very anxious for him—not without reason, for he nearly lost his life. I was also anxious for my own safety, as time and again I thought the tent would be carried away by the furious gusts of wind. Then I went to sleep and slept for thirteen hours, awaking next morning to find myself half buried in snow that had blown into the tent through a small hole during the night.

My descent was also an unpleasant one. I had not gone far when another terrific storm broke. Several times I was blown from my feet, but each time managed to stop a fatal slide with my ice axe. The cold was paralysing, and I was frostbitten in fingers and toes. I was reduced to staggering a few paces at a time, and it was a great relief when I saw Longland coming up from Camp IV to help me. Tired already as he was, it was a very stout effort, and in making it he was frostbitten. It was pleasant indeed to gain the shelter of the arctic tent at Camp IV and the wonderful hospitality of Dr. McLean and Longland who were in support there.



The great wall of ice below the North Col

Where Nature Defeated Man



The highest point, 28,100 ft., reached on Everest in 1933, by Wyn Harris and Wager on May 31 and by Smythe on June 1. The black cross on the above picture marks the place where the climbers decided that it was impossible to push further up the mountain on this expedition

Photographs by courtesy of the Author



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

Science and Education

IT is something of a paradox that, whilst every year that passes sees greater public attention paid to the advancement of science, no parallel growth of popular scientific education can be recorded. When the British Association first started, it assisted to promote throughout the middle period of the last century a great popular awakening to the value of science, which expressed itself in the formation of many voluntary societies to study natural history, science and archaeology, and also led to the setting up of the newer universities and the technical colleges. But somehow or other in later years that impetus became spent, or rather flowed more and more into specialised channels which separated scientific advance from popular culture. At the gathering of the British Association just concluding, a Committee under the chairmanship of Professor J. L. Myres presented a report calling attention to the fact that the wide facilities for scientific study which our educational system provides today somehow fail to reach effectively a large section of the population. 'What can be done', they ask, 'for those whose early training left them uninterested in science, or critical of it, or whose daily work has prevented them from adequately maintaining their interest by means of institutions with laboratory facilities?' Scientific studies do not today hold the place that one might expect in adult education, and 'the number is probably still large who by reason of geographical circumstances, of mental aptitude, of temperament, and of upbringing, regard science and its works with casualness, suspicion, and hostility—even with contempt'.

One of the reasons for this backwardness of popular scientific education Professor Myres' Committee find to lie in the excessive emphasis laid in the past upon the necessity for elaborate or expensive equipment as compared with the provision of a supply of competent teachers. The sciences are studied at schools and colleges not so much as part of a general education as for specialised practical purposes. The students at technical colleges are training to make themselves proficient for a career or profession, and borderline subjects in which scientific studies impinge upon the humanities are neglected as unprofitable. For the same reason, higher up the scale, no supply of competent teachers of science in its social, philosophical and historical aspects is forthcoming; though perhaps the inclusion of 'everyday' science as a subject in the Cambridge Pass Degree course (as our

contributor, Dr. Russell, notes elsewhere in this issue) may be taken as a 'pointer' towards improvement in this direction. Most of our teachers of science today, however, are specialists who lay great importance on laboratory technique and either tend to despise popularisation or at least are unfitted to undertake it themselves. Systematic science-teaching in universities or schools is a very different thing from science-teaching for the mass of the adult population. Professor Myres' Committee pin their faith to the historical approach to scientific problems as the form of popular scientific teaching to develop.

The report, however, makes surprisingly little reference to broadcasting, where the work of popular science exposition has gone on for some years with probably more success than any other form of popular scientific education. In his presidential address to the British Association, Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins recognised the educational value of the medium when he declared, 'I do not think it fanciful to believe that our highly efficient national broadcasting service, with the increased opportunities which the coming of short wave-length transmission may provide, might well take charge of the systematic education of adolescents after the personal influence of the schoolmaster has prepared them to profit by it. It would not be a technical education but an education for leisure'. Whether such an idea as this is too ambitious time alone can show, but it is clear that such courses as the new survey of 'Scientific Research and Social Needs' which Mr. Julian Huxley is to broadcast throughout the coming autumn are along lines exactly consonant with the views of Professor Myres' Committee. A kind of vicious circle at present exists which keeps scientific teaching in a specialised groove away from the general public. Broadcasting offers the best means of breaking that vicious circle, and at the same time easing the problem of the lack of popular teachers by making the most of the existing supply. May we not contemplate the possibility, then, that in this case the broadcast programme might provide the impetus to the reform of science teaching? If schools and other statutory and voluntary educational institutions would make more systematic use of the science broadcasts, they would find that they had ready-made material on which to build up a new side of their work.

Week by Week

THE fine summer and the accompanying drought have once more brought the problem of water supply to the front, as it was brought to the front in previous years such as 1921 and 1911. But the problem is now different, or rather more limited in kind than it used to be. Formerly, long droughts exposed the deficiencies of the water supplies of great cities, as in the East End of London during the 'nineties of the last century, and later in some of our big provincial cities. But nowadays the towns seem to be so well supplied as to be almost out of the danger zone, and it is the country districts which suffer from shortage—a shortage all the worse for the hardship and damage which it inflicts on farming. The unit of water supply is evidently too small in many country districts; there is still a not inconsiderable number of villages that have to rely upon the village tap or pump and a few wells of limited capacity. Apparently there are technical difficulties in the way of watering the country on a 'grid' system similar to that which has just been completed for electricity. But it ought not to be impossible to make County Councils responsible for water schemes covering areas of sufficient size to justify the building of adequate reservoirs; and a correspondent in *The Times* has appropriately pointed out that the re-organisation of our rural water supply is a form of public works upon which unemployed labour could be most justifiably expended.

With greater unanimity than was expected, approximately 150,000 farmers in England and Wales have voted in favour of the milk marketing scheme. The scheme, which the Minister

of Agriculture recently described as the biggest venture of its kind ever attempted in agriculture, has been very fully explained and discussed through the wireless during the past summer. The whole of England and Wales will now be divided into eleven regions, each with its own milk pool; the Milk Marketing Board will fix contract prices and conditions for all milk sold for domestic consumption in these areas. One of the first tasks of the new Milk Marketing Board will be to fix the price which farmers are to receive for their milk during the remaining three months of this year. The Board is not, apparently, to fix retail prices, but, as Major Walter Elliot pointed out in the discussion broadcast on August 14, 'the Board can make the retail price a condition of re-sale'. The great experiment, which is involved in this assumption of central control of almost the whole of the country's milk output, is primarily of interest to the producers rather than the consumers of milk; but the latter have long known that whatever the price they paid for milk and its products the farmer seemed to do badly out of it, and therefore they will watch sympathetically the progress of regulation. It is to be remembered that as a nation we drink too little milk, and that there is still room for improvement in the quality of the supply.

* * *

Field Marshal Lord Allenby, broadcasting on the evening of September 8, paid the following tribute to the late King Feisal of Iraq: 'Death has been busy, of late, among the great men of the earth. Now, with the passing of King Feisal of Iraq, has disappeared a personality, one of the most picturesque of those who took a leading part in the World War. Picturesque literally, as well as figuratively! Tall, graceful, handsome—to the point of beauty—with expressive eyes lighting up a face of calm dignity, he looked the very type of Royalty. I first met the Emir Feisal on the day after the fall of Damascus, early in October, 1918, when he entered that City with his Army of the Hedjaz. Accompanied and aided by a band of ardent young British officers, he had led that army northwards, through the Syrian desert, securing the right flank of my main army—the Egyptian Expeditionary Force—and ably assisting in the battles which led to the overthrow of our enemy. In Damascus, Feisal unfurled the flag of the Hedjaz. There, with the approval of the Allies, he took up the reins of Government as King of Syria. However, in 1920 there arose friction with the Mandatory Power, and his rule came to an end. In August, 1921, Feisal became King of Iraq—Mesopotamia—under the British Mandate. When the Mandate expired—in June of the present year—King Feisal paid his official visit as an independent sovereign to King George of England. During that visit, I had the honour of being attached to King Feisal's suite. Before the War the Emir Feisal had been active in Turkish politics; but when his father, King Hussein of the Hedjaz, threw in his lot with us against Turkey, Feisal became our Ally in War. He combined the qualities of soldier and statesman: quick of vision, swift in action, outspoken and straightforward. Iraq has to mourn a wise and valiant Ruler. Our country is poorer by the loss of a loyal friend'.

* * *

The topical talk was once a vague uncertain creature, whose comings and goings were somewhat elusive: but on July 1 last she was—not unexpectedly for those who had watched her development—united with the news bulletin, and the result of the union is what is called a 'news-reel'—which, from October 14 next, is to be a regular feature of the Saturday evening broadcasts. Listeners may remember that on July 1 the late evening news bulletin, which usually lasts about twenty minutes, occupied three-quarters of an hour. Items of news were interspersed with short illustrative or explanatory broadcasts: thus a report of the latest activities of the Economic Conference was immediately followed by a short discussion between Mr. Vernon Bartlett and Mr. William Hard on the English and American attitudes towards the work of the Conference; the opening of the new Liverpool airport was described by one of the participants in the pageant there; and the anniversary of the Battle of the Somme was marked by a broadcast from a soldier who took part in it. This first appearance of the news-reel naturally provoked much criticism, favourable and unfavourable—the latter chiefly from sports enthusiasts who had tuned in to hear the latest cricket scores and had had, in their opinion, to wait far too long for them.

But on the whole it was felt that the experiment justified the difficulties involved in this rather more elaborate presentation of news. Hence the decision to incorporate the news-reel as a regular Saturday feature, when bald statements of fact will be adorned by brief talks from eye-witnesses and 'special correspondents', so that—especially in the case of provincial and foreign news—a vividness and topicality will be introduced which cannot be conveyed merely by a statement from the announcer. And for those whose interest in news bulletins is confined solely to cricket or football scores and lists of 'winners', it is hoped to schedule and announce beforehand the time when the sports news will be delivered; while for those who prefer to receive information in tabloid form, a brief summary may possibly be given before the news-reel takes place.

* * *

Controversy continues to rage over the proposed Bill to regulate the activities of campers. Initiated by the C.P.R.E. and adopted by the Rural District Councils, it was laid before the Minister of Health, Sir Hilton Young, at the beginning of last month. The Bill proposed to prohibit all camping in places not served by sufficient roads, sewers and water supplies, and to take the control of such matters out of the hands of farmers and private landowners and to place it in the hands of the Rural District Councils. The subsequent attacks upon the Bill in the correspondence columns of *The Times* show that to many it appears as the menacing infringement of a lifelong pleasure. But the chief weakness of the opposition forces has been their tendency to oppose the gloomy facts, marshalled by the supporters of the Bill, by general appeals for freedom and privacy. Thus it is necessary to point out to representatives of the gypsy or George Borrow school of thought that the evil condition of certain beauty spots has shown that even 'the wind on the heath' has to be defended these days by Act of Parliament. The course of the controversy has, however, proved one thing, that the Bill will have to take into consideration more than one type of camper. It cannot advance the same accusations against the solitary pedestrian, with a predilection for sleeping *à la belle étoile*, as against the motor caravanner whose extreme mobility may breed inconsideration for merely local habitations. Yet one other alternative remains. Strict sanitation standards might be enforced on the caravans themselves. Already, as one correspondent pointed out, vehicles can be had, fitted with their own sanitary systems and water tanks, and capable of travelling as self-contained units for at least a week. Then while the motorists go their way, enchanted by their new mechanical inventions, the hills and the footpaths might be left free for the Borrowian brotherhood.

* * *

The decision of the L.C.C. to send a group of housing officials, under the chairmanship of Mr. H. R. Selley, M.P., to study housing achievements on the Continent, raises some interesting questions in the anti-slum campaign. In their formidable problem of re-housing 250,000 displaced slum-dwellers, the L.C.C. have to bear two facts in particular in mind—the psychology of the tenants, and the surroundings, the dockside areas of London, in which their new dwellings must be built. Many continental cities have solved their own difficulties by communal blocks of flats, and Mr. Selley has already hinted that flats may be the line adopted here. But the British working man has to be persuaded that the advantages of community provision for his needs and of beauty, light and air do really outweigh his longing for a house of his own and a garden, however small, to tend. And here continental ideas may prove helpful. The Dutch, for example, began their community building campaigns at the point where they could most easily influence opinion—that is the Schools. Anyone who has seen Dudok's lovely school at Hilversum will not wonder why Dutch citizens are proud and eager to possess a unit of one of the great city housing blocks. In the second problem, that of environment, it is not so likely that the Continent can offer any valuable suggestions. The docksides of London are so rich in purely English features, such a storehouse of English sights and sounds, that it will be a difficult aesthetic problem to discover the style of architecture that does not seem harsh and alien to its surroundings. But where clay foundations prohibit buildings more than six stories high, and the river and its shipping provide the background, we may well hope for some distinctively English style.

Art

Byzantine Mosaics

By DAVID TALBOT RICE

GENERAL SHERRILL has chosen a most delightful subject for his book *Mosaics**, for it is not only one which presents the most entrancing field for study in itself, but also one which leads its devotees to some of

but a few only occur in each church; much of the work is of a decorative character. By the sixth century a new age has dawned, and the classical style has been to a great extent superseded; the New Testament has become as popular as, if

not more popular than, the Old; purely decorative work gives place to a greater variety of Bible scenes, and certain eastern features, such as the bearded Christ, who from now on takes the place of the old classical conception of a beardless youth, have penetrated the art. Superb work of this age is to be found at Ravenna in Italy; but the enthusiast should venture further afield and visit Salónica, where technique, style and design were probably rather further perfected. Portraiture too was developed in this age, as we see in the seventh-century work in the church of St. Demetrios in that city, work which happily escaped destruction in the great fire of 1917, which devastated the church, together with the greater part of the town.

In the eighth and ninth centuries few monuments were erected on Byzantine soil, for the Empire was under the ban of iconoclasm, which forbade the depiction of the Divine or Saintly form. This ban on figural art coincided almost exactly with a similar, but more severe ban imposed by the new religion of Islam, though the one was to survive until today, whereas the former lasted for little more than a century. This ban

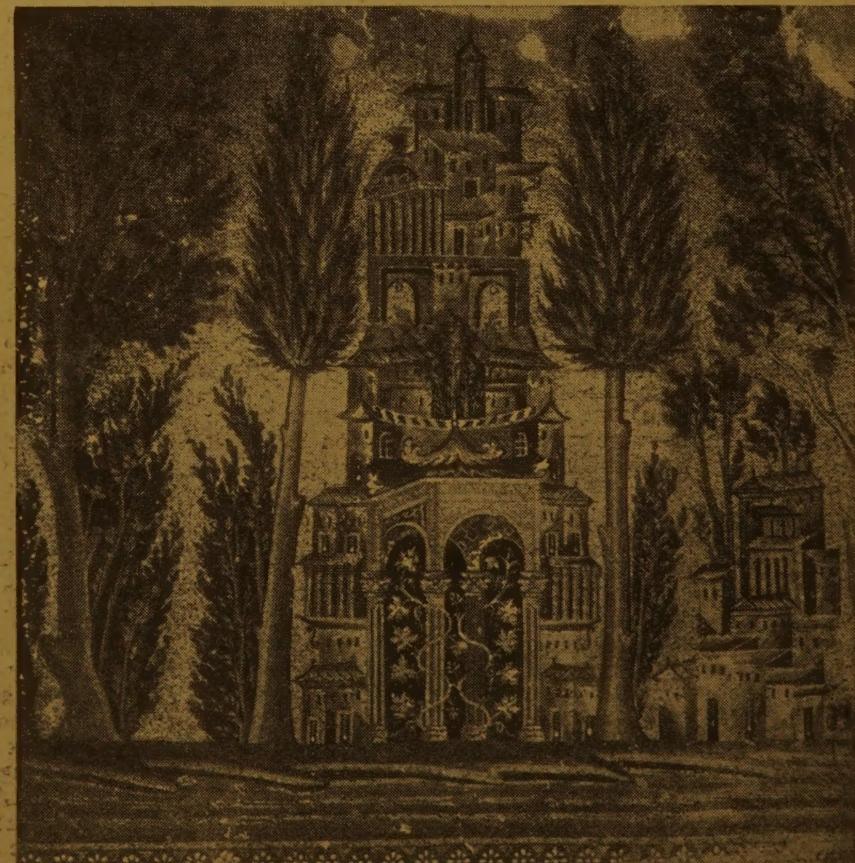


Seventh-century mosaic portrait of the founder in the Church of St. Demetrios, Salónica

the most beautiful parts of the world, in the central and eastern Mediterranean. Yet if one journeyed through this area as fast as the author suggests in his introduction, one would miss much of its charm, and if one travelled always in the fastest of boats and the most comfortable of sleeping cars to which he alludes, one would run the risk of being termed a snob just as much as the art itself. For the book begins with the words 'Mosaic was really rather a snob'.

Mosaic was really not a snob at all; he was simply rich and had an excellent idea what to do with his money—and in antiquity, just as much as today, this was not always the case. The art of mosaic was essentially a sumptuous one and it was very expensive; numerous skilled workers, designers, glass smelters, cutters, plasterers and so on, and a large quantity of rare material were essential before even the smallest monument could be erected, and because of this mosaics could only be put up when some rich patron was forthcoming. Apart from its rich quality, the art was popular enough; it was, as General Sherrill remarks, to a great extent a didactic art, which had its story to tell. The story was that of the Bible, and every person who came to church could see it written up, so to speak, on the walls. It was above all for the illiterate that this writing up was done, so that it can hardly be termed anything but popular in its intent.

Most of the Byzantine mosaics that have come down to us from the long period between the fourth and the fourteenth centuries are of a religious character: we see the art developing from the more or less purely classical specimens of the earliest days, most examples of which are in Rome. In early times Old Testament scenes are most in favour,



Eighth-century mosaic in the Omayyad Mosque, Damascus

**Mosaics in Italy, Palestine, Syria, Turkey and Greece*, By Charles H. Sherrill. Bodley Head. 15s.



The Birth of Christ—one of the series of fourteenth-century mosaics in Kahrieh Djami, Constantinople
From 'Mosaics in Italy, Palestine, Syria, Turkey and Greece', by Charles H. Sherrill (Bodley Head)

could not hamper the really great artist, however, even though it doubtless proved most annoying to those of secondary quality, and the designer who worked for the Caliph Walid at the great mosque of Damascus about 715 was without question one of the greatest painters of the world. The writers record that Walid applied to Constantinople for assistance, and though most of the workmen he employed for his great mosque at Damascus were doubtless Syrians, a master who could conceive so vast a scheme would hardly be found anywhere but in the capital. In this nameless genius' work not a single living figure appears, but the monument must stand for ever as one of the most inspiring and moving of the world's pictures. This glorious composition, a portion of which is illustrated here*, was only disclosed some three years ago, thanks to the skill and energy of M. E. de Lorey, then director of the French School at Damascus, for previously it had been hidden by a coating of later plaster.

After the close of the iconoclast period in the ninth century, numerous monuments were erected on Byzantine soil, and in order to visit them it is necessary to traverse some of the most attractive country in the whole of the region that General Sherrill deals with in his book. Yet he is so occupied with travelling from city to city that he fails to convey this charm to the reader. The importance of environment in the study of a particular work of art cannot be exaggerated, yet General Sherrill totally fails to take it into account. There is no connection, no distinction, between the regions and monuments he describes; they might all be desiccated specimens in so many museums, rather than superb decorative compositions in a number of widely separated and essentially individual churches.

In this age, Greece and Constantinople concern us in the East, though Cyprus too contains two important monuments which General Sherrill passes over rather hurriedly. Before the War we could also have visited the town of Nicæa—name familiar to us on religious grounds—not far from Brusa and the eastern shore of Marmora. Here there stood a splendid church, dedicated to the Virgin, and in it was preserved a full decoration. It fell, alas! a victim to war's destruction, and today no more than a heap of bricks survives. In the West there are a number of superb mosaics of the period to console us, most notably in the region of Venice and in Sicily. In the

one town is the Cathedral of St. Mark, where the earliest work is of the twelfth century, though there is much that is later, some of it in a purely Renaissance style which serves at first glance to prove the superiority of the more severe Byzantine decoration. Nor far away from Venice are the churches of Murano and Torcello, where less complete schemes appear, though the quality is finer than all but the very best in St. Mark's. Further eastward there are important mosaics of rather earlier date at Trieste and at Parenzo. In Sicily a number of churches await the enthusiast, at Monreale, Palermo, Cefalu and elsewhere. And here too, in the villa of Ziza and in the Ducal palace at Palermo, are to be seen practically the only remains of secular decoration in mosaic that have survived. Similar secular work was probably very popular in Constantinople from the sixth or seventh century onwards, and historians record that the great palace on the shores of the Marmora contained much important work, though none of it has been spared to us.

But it is a dawdling, sunlit world in which these mosaics lie, and no hurried tour can do it or them justice. Hurry even kills the charm, for the inhabitants have long been used to the sun and to the ease of life it induces, and they do not readily welcome the rush of western civilisation. To procure keys is often a matter of hours; to obtain permission to enter the more obscure monuments of Greece or Turkey is a matter of days, if not of weeks. To stamp and fume with impatience only serves to spoil one's appreciation of the wonders which lie behind some fastly locked door, guarded by a rapacious, reluctant and slow-moving moron; though if we tarry to consider he often appears amusing, delightful or even charming on second sight. And if dallying in Italy is pleasant, it is in Greece and Turkey essential.

Daphni, St. Luke's and the Nea Moni of Chios are the monuments of this age on Greek soil. The first two are the more important, and Daphni is in addition easy to visit, for it is only a few miles from Athens. The mosaics here are perhaps the most superb of any, if it is possible to select where so much richness offers. Numerous scenes are shown, though some of them are only partially complete, but the great Pantocrator in the Dome (illustrated here) is, in its awesome grandeur, yet at the same time in its delicate and moving sympathy, one of the most striking of the world's pictures. The characters of

*A larger scene is given by General Sherrill in the plate facing page 80 of his book.

an earthly yet divine king, a humanistic yet superior personage and a compassionate yet glorious Saviour are combined in this figure with amazing success, with surprising power.

All these glories belong to the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, and this was certainly the grandest and most sumptuous period of Byzantine art, though recent discoveries in Greece, Constantinople and the Balkans are showing us that work of the next two centuries, though less rich in material, is equally important aesthetically. This was a poor age as far as riches were concerned, especially in the capital city, Constantinople, for in 1204 that buccaneering venture graced by the name of the fourth crusade sacked the city more completely than any city had ever been sacked before. Pottery supplants gold or silver in the imperial palace, and wall paintings supersede mosaics almost entirely, though one superb series of mosaics was erected between 1310 and 1320 in a small church at Constantinople, now a mosque, known as Kahrieh Djami. This church is one of the wonders of the world. No photograph can do justice to the superb colouring of its mosaics, though it can perhaps serve to give an idea of the excellent drawing, design, and craftsmanship. The scene of the Birth of our Lord is reproduced here—it also appears in General Sherrill's book—to incite any reader who may be able to undertake it, to a long journey.

Kahrieh Djami is a monument of what authorities have lately come to call the Byzantine Renaissance. It is as fine as anything that the western renaissance ever produced, and it forms a fitting close to the long story which is traced out over so many centuries. Kahrieh Djami is the final limit of the Byzantine mosaic art, and Constantinople is without question the most important city that the lover of the Byzantine can visit. And if he be able to make a tour of the East in search of mosaics, it would seem better to visit the early monuments of Rome and Ravenna on the outward journey and not on the homeward one as Sherrill suggests. And no more fitting point for the end of the tour could well be found than Constantinople where only the final monuments of the art are preserved. To jump from age to age, from monument to monument, at the dictates of boats and trains, is not the ideal way of seeing mosaics, nor must one be hampered by time. What is



The Pantocrator: an early twelfth-century mosaic at Daphni

our life's span of three score years and ten to that of the mosaics? How can we hope to glean even their most superficial message if we treat them as mere features of some hurried tour, to be seen in a few hours or even a few minutes? Like all works of art they demand a close study and a long familiarity before we can begin to realise their import. They are not just 'sites' which can be fitted into a few moments of our spare time; time which is to us of such immense importance; time which in history, in art and in the East is so futile in its absurdity. The American craze for wholesale sight-seeing must in the end kill the charm of the sites. A typically Americanised book such as General Sherrill's serves in no way to enhance it, and though it constitutes a handy guide to the monuments, it adds nothing to our knowledge and little to our appreciation.

The Passing of a Great Statesman

An appreciation of Lord Grey broadcast on September 7 by the Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, Chairman of the B.B.C.

EDWARD GREY—‘Sir Edward Grey’—to how many people of his time do those words convey a very precious picture? In our boyhood we learned the tales of chivalry: the story of ‘the very perfect, gentle knight, without fear and without reproach’: of Bayard and of Galahad. In later times Milton’s ‘Lycidas’ gave us the vision of another knight we would fain find and follow. Never is it given to us in our own time to find a man who is the complete embodiment of our youthful heroes. Yet who comes nearer to it than Edward Grey? In the games of early manhood, that call for sureness of eye and suppleness of wrist, he stood an easy first, when he cared to compete—no plodding hard-won mastery, but the natural easy balance of eye and limb and brain. In the mystery craft of the fisherman he was again a master. Patience, and perfect attunement to all the whispers of nature, gave him the rare qualities that distinguish the real fisherman from those who strive for record catches or record runs. And his birds! Since White of Selborne, has there been an Englishman who loved birds with his understanding? At his call they would come, fearless, to his feet and to his shoulders.

What wonder if this Edward Grey had been content to follow the quiet life of a country gentleman. But there was another call in his blood, and, before his twenty-fourth year was spent, he was in Parliament, devoted to the service of his country. Of his work in public life the annals of the last forty-eight years may tell. Here it is enough to record the qualities which made him to many the best-loved and best-trusted statesman of his day.

He made no pretence to oratory: words, to him, were only the means with which to convey his convictions to his fellow-countrymen. His actions had nothing of the ‘finesse’ too often attached to the workings of diplomacy: no nicely balanced

‘yes or no’ found place in his vocabulary: leaders of other stamp in other lands, with few exceptions, failed to understand that his word meant ‘nothing less and nothing more’. To his country and to his colleagues he gave a single-minded devotion: his nature could give no other: no cost was counted: the precious gift of sight—precious to him above most men—was sacrificed to the call of duty. He was not unselfish: because he was selfless.

Two scenes come back to memory. First, the day in the House of Commons nineteen years ago when Grey rose in a hushed and troubled House to tell his fellow-members that an appeal had come from Belgium for aid against the imminent invasion of her lands, despite the treaty which had been thought to secure their safety. For nine years he had laboured devotedly for peace: now all his work seemed to be crashing into ruin. The interests of finance and commerce all cried ‘Stay’. But to Grey there was only one consideration—Honour. The word of his country had been given: no plea of self-interest could count. His words were broken: emotion, at times, seemed to overcome his self-control: for who knew better the dreadful risks ahead. Yet there was no faltering, his counsel: men understood and trusted him.

The second scene is about ten years later, when, on the steps of the Natural History Museum after a long meeting of Trustees, with a waiting car and a hungry colleague, Grey met a fellow bird-lover from Northumbria: for half-an-hour, oblivious of time and engagements, they discussed some queer mating of a wild duck seen at Fallodon; observed and undoubtedly, but quite upsetting to the accepted rules of duck life!

Alas, Edward Grey is dead. Yes, ‘dead ere his prime’, for somehow we cannot think of him as old. With the fall of the September leaf in his beloved woodlands his spirit passes. A great gentleman has gone.



Final attack and cavalry charge by the dervishes in the Battle of Omdurman, from a sketch made by a corporal in the 1st Seaforth Highlanders

Fighting the Dervishes at Omdurman

By Colonel E. A. STANTON

I EXPECT that the battle of Omdurman is now little more than a name to most of you. It was fought thirty-five years ago, and though it was a very important action—the decisive battle in the reconquest of the Sudan—it has been eclipsed by time and the Great War. It won't, however, be easily forgotten by those who, like myself, were present on that early dawn of September 2, 1898. Battles nowadays can hardly be described as picturesque—they are monotonous and drab; but Omdurman at the start was like a gigantic pageant, with ourselves the enthralled spectators.

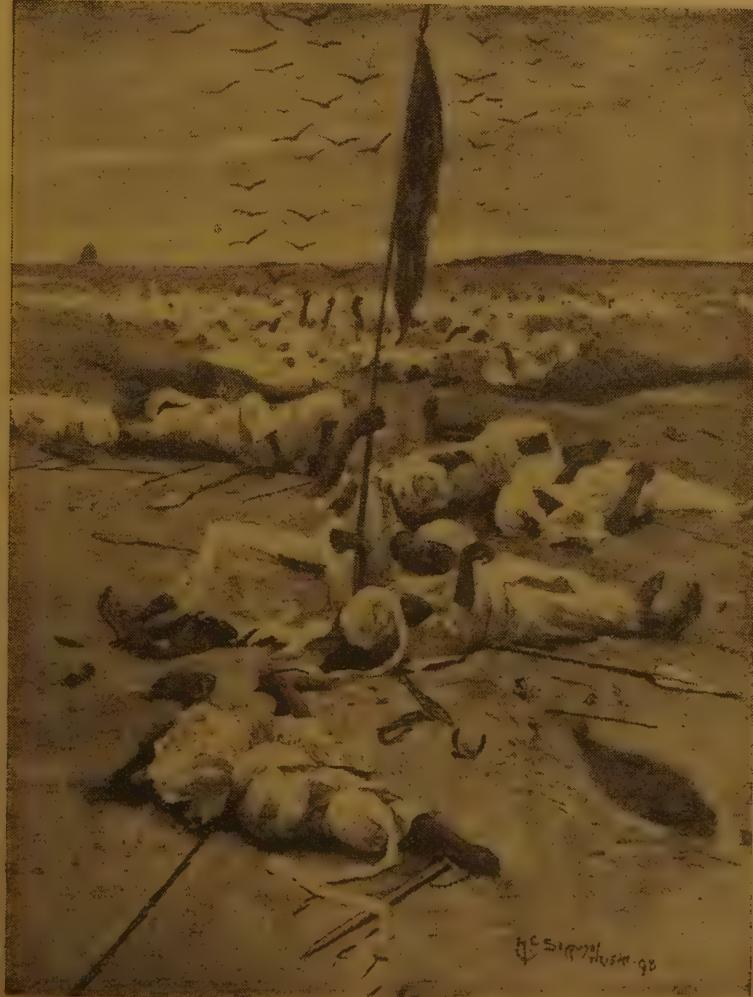
Let me give first of all a brief sketch of the events that led up to it for the benefit of those who may not know. In 1881 a religious fanatic who called himself the Mahdi, the Messiah of Moslems, appeared in the Sudan, which for some time had been in revolt against Egyptian rule. His power and influence spread rapidly. The superstitious villagers, who regarded him as endowed with divine power, followed him in their thousands and became his huge army of dervishes.

In a few years he had conquered a great part of the Sudan and founded an empire there with his capital at Omdurman. The fall of Khartoum in 1885, with the death of General Gordon, was Egypt's last stand against him. The Mahdi died the same year, and was succeeded by the Khalifa, who ruled the Sudan for ten years, mainly by executions, murders and confiscations. Endless

raids and fights took place, and he threatened the invasion of Egypt. To deal with all this the Egyptian army was reformed with picked British officers, first under Lord Grenfell and later under Sir Herbert Kitchener. It was under Kitchener that I served.

In March, 1896, the Egyptian Army took the field against the dervish menace. By August the large province of Dongola had been recovered. Abu-Hamed and Berber were captured the following year. A halt was then called while a railway was built across the desert at the rate of a mile a day. The making of this railway is a story in itself. The following April, 1897, saw the Battle of the Atbara, where a British brigade under General Gatacre assisted Kitchener's troops. General Gatacre was nicknamed General Backacher on account of his liking for long marches and little sleep. He expected every man to be as tough as he was himself.

In August, 1898, the advance on Omdurman began. I remember an amusing incident on this march. The cavalry captured a dervish patrol under an important Emir. When this personage, who was riding a superb Arab horse with trappings, was brought in through the British bivouac, an excited British soldier shouted out to his pal: "ere Bill, come quick, they've gone and caught the bally Khedive!" As a matter of fact he didn't say "bally". But what was amusing was that he seemed sublimely ignorant that we were fighting for the Khedive of Egypt and not against him.



The end of Mahdism

On September 2, when dawn broke, we saw our cavalry slowly retiring across our front to clear the line of fire. Beyond them, covering the whole horizon from south to north, we could just see thousands and thousands of dervishes marching towards us. It was a beautiful clear morning, and as the sun rose behind us it tinged the hills on our left and right with a golden glow, and then suddenly set fire, as it were, to the spears and rifles of the enormous host which was advancing on us. On they came in their brilliant colours, filling the whole plain from Jebel Surgham to the Kerrerri Hills. A thin cloud of dust raised by the thousands of feet as they came on, catching the sun's rays, hung like a pink veil in the sky above them. A slight desert breeze wafted their wild war songs and cries to our ears. Hadn't the Khalifa dreamt that every white stone on the Kerrerri plain was turned into an infidel's skull? Allah Akbar Ill Allah Oh—God is great, praise be to Allah—and the force of 'Turks and Barbarians' as they termed us, was comparatively small. They were confident of victory. Then suddenly one of our guns boomed out on the left and was quickly followed by every gun in the field. The battle that was to settle the fate of the Sudan had begun, and since we were still out of rifle range we could watch it unfold before us. As each shell burst it left a pink splash in the pale blue sky—it also left gaps in the enemies' lines which were immediately filled from the serried ranks behind. Soon the maxims added their rattle and the din was ear-splitting.

While we were watching this awe-inspiring spectacle we suddenly saw another host sweeping down the slopes of Jebel Surgham to hurl itself against the British troops on the left. The fight there was fast and furious and we saw the dervishes being mowed down by the British fire. Meanwhile the masses in front of us cheered off to the right in pursuit of the retiring cavalry and camel corps. The camel corps, which had to move slowly over the broken ground, was only saved by a gallant charge of Broadwood's Egyptians. Our Nile gunboats also took part in this action—they dropped down stream and gave this dervish army such a drenching of shrapnel that they quickly disappeared behind the Kerrerri Hills.

Kitchener now ordered an advance on Omdurman by brigades in echelon. This movement brought Macdonald's brigade, in which I was serving, right out into the desert facing Jebel Surgham, and we had to move round this mountain, which separated us by about four miles from the rest of the Army. After marching for an hour we suddenly came upon the

Khalifa's main body, bearing his great black flag. They were the pick of his troops and outnumbered us by about six to one. Macdonald stood his ground, however, while, like waves on a sea shore, line after line of dervishes poured over the sand ridges before us on a front about a mile long. Meanwhile Sheikh Ed-Din's army, numbering about 12,000 men, which had been driven earlier into the Kerrerri hills, returned and began to attack us from the rear, so that we were now between two fires. It was then that Macdonald showed his splendid fighting qualities. He formed us into the shape of an arrow head—a movement not found in the drill book—so that we faced both ways, and sent off a galloper to tell Kitchener of our position.

We kept the dervishes at bay for over an hour. Two of their cavalry charges withered on the Sudanese bayonets without a single survivor, but ammunition was running short, and if it came to hand-to-hand fighting we were bound to be overwhelmed by numbers. Looking round I saw the Lincoln Regiment gallantly doubling over the heavy sand to our help, followed by other British regiments. Their timely arrival and well directed fire stopped the dervish advance. They staggered and broke. Our cavalry coming up charged after them as they fled. The field was littered with dead and dying.

Meanwhile Jebel Surgham had been stormed and captured by our troops, and the XXIst Lancers made their memorable charge on Osman Digna's Fuzzy-Wuzzies in a wadi near the Nile. The great battle was over and won.

It was pitch dark when we entered Omdurman. We were so dead beat after the gruelling we had been through that we lay down by our arms in the dust and slept. I remember waking early to find I had slept soundly within a yard of a dead camel, already putrefying the morning air. The following day the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted over Gordon's ruined palace at Khartoum.

Both Egyptians and Sudanese had fought splendidly. The latter really loved their British Officers, and there is a story about one Sudanese regiment both of whose senior British officers were killed at the taking of Abu-Hamed. At the battle of the Atbara, where we had to storm the dervish trenches, their commanding officer, when about to lead the charge, was seized by his men and carried, struggling to free himself, through the trenches. They weren't going to have it said that they had again allowed their British Colonel to be killed!

Round the Coasts of Britain



On the Welsh coast: Diphwys from Panorama Hill, Barmouth

Photograph: J. Dixon-Scott

The Listener's Music

Seeing and Hearing—I

THE TIMES music critic's description (August 12) of a broadcast public concert as a mere shadow, the substance being confined to the hall in which the performance takes place, inevitably 'drew' a number of readers. The resultant correspondence, which was opened by an eloquent defence of broadcast music from Sir Walford Davies, is still running; and it has evoked cogent leading articles in *The Times* (September 2) and *THE LISTENER* (September 6).

So far the letters have tended to express personal experiences and tastes rather than to discuss the fundamentals involved in an aspect of broadcasting that becomes more and more important; it may be worth while, therefore, to consider some of the points that were either ignored or merely touched on.

First, it was obvious that those taking part in the discussion were the fortunate possessors of good receiving sets. The great majority of listeners are not so lucky (I have read somewhere that the percentage of bad-to-middling sets is as high as 90; and judging from what one hears casually through open doors and windows it is certainly very large). The norm of reception cannot be disregarded in a discussion as to the relative merits of concert-room and wireless listening. Indeed, if the standard of reception is as poor as many well-informed people believe it to be, the subject that needs ventilating as publicly as possible is not 'Seeing versus Hearing' but 'First-hand versus Second-hand Listening'. The broadcasting of music has brought about a revolution by placing fine performances of the finest works at the disposal of everybody. The musician, above all, delights in this wide and easy access to treasures that, a few years ago, even the musician himself could enjoy only in small quantities and at considerable expense. But a chilling question cannot be avoided: What if hundreds of thousands of listeners are developing a vitiated ear for such vital factors as tone colour, balance, and the multitude of æsthetic subtleties covered by dynamic contrast and range? Already there are recorded instances of wireless enthusiasts attending an orchestral concert for once in a way, and expressing a preference for the effect of the same orchestra as it had reached them *via* their cheap set. (I referred to a case of the sort in this journal some months ago; and previously, in this connection, I cited a prominent manufacturer of wireless material who insisted on the more responsible of his operatives attending Queen's Hall from time to time in order that their perception of orchestral tone colour should not deteriorate by being restricted to wireless listening.) To the trained musician, with his knowledge of classical scores and his long experience of the concert-room, defects in broadcasting matter little: almost without conscious effort he makes them good mentally, just as he has always remedied the defects of gramophonic reproduction. So long as the uninitiated listener (who cannot do this) realises that he is receiving only a more or less imperfect substitute for the real thing, little harm is done; but it will be calamitous if the first generation of the vast new musical public created by wireless is encouraged—or even allowed—to believe that even the best of receiving sets will give them all the matter of a Beethoven Symphony, still less all its manner. (In orchestral writing from Beethoven onwards matter and manner are scarcely divisible.) In fact, so far as music is concerned, the value of broadcasting depends on a frank realisation of its limitations no less than of its achievements.

If broadcasting gives us the shadow, what is the substance? Most musicians would reply that it comprised those elements that so far are apt to elude the microphone: but the *Times* correspondence soon showed that to many of the writers the substance of a musical performance had to do with visibility no less than with audibility. Much was said of the 'graceful swing' of a famous violinist's bow, and the debate declined from an interesting and useful comparison between hearing directly and hearing by transmission into an exchange of personal experiences of the advantages or otherwise of seeing the performer.

There are a few excellent reasons for preferring a concert-hall performance to a broadcast thereof, but a good many musicians will not include among them the visibility of the executants, with one exception—solo singers, who, alone among musical performers, are to a considerable extent dependent on facial expression. But time may show that even this measure of dependence is a convention derived from the opera, where a singer who doesn't act with his face can scarcely be said to act at all; for a good proportion of singers are already as subtly interpretative and appealing when broadcast as when seen on the platform. They have, in fact, succeeded in doing as singers what Sir Walford Davies and a few others have done as speakers. Not many—if any—listeners would find Sir Walford Davies still more attractive if television enabled them to see as well as hear him.

Nevertheless, even when wireless transmission is perfect, many of us will still prefer the concert-room on social and psychological grounds. Music may be enjoyed in solitude, but it has something of the quality of the drama in that its enjoyment is increased by being shared. When all is said concerning the absurdity of showing our pleasure in music by smiting our hands together and stamping our feet (so producing sounds that are the very antithesis of what we have just enjoyed) there remains the fact of an exhilarating communal experience. The act of applause gives us the necessary physical relief from the combined effort of ear and mind; applause and attention alike react on the performer, with (usually) advantage to the music. Moreover, the convention of good manners in the concert-room is an aid. We dare not talk, save in an occasional and furtive whisper; the unfolding of an evening paper would create a scandalised sensation: and even so silent and mechanical an operation as knitting would be frowned on. We must either listen or relapse into torpor, and as we have paid for our seat and can be torpid more comfortably at home, we listen. On the whole our enjoyment depends little on our ability to see the performer. We may even find him a distraction. That 'graceful swing' of the violinist's bow may be good to the eye, but we have to see the rest of him as well. I recall a famous player the grace of whose bowing-arm was lost on me because I couldn't be unaware of his ugly straddle and an exaggerated sway in which his entire body took part. Here, if ever, was a performer whose activities ought to be confined to the broadcasting studio, so that he could be heard and not seen.

Conductors have to be considered in this connection: Dr. Boult recently said that conducting was largely bluff: we may be even more slangy and say that it is partly swank. This conclusion cannot be escaped if we take as a basis for our estimate some undeniably true remarks of Lazare Saminsky (himself an eminent conductor) in his recent book *Music of our Day*:

The gesture of the conductor and his pose should be addressed solely to the instrumentalists. These are justified when, and as long as, they are useful to the orchestra. . . . Both the gesture and attitude of a conductor are basically wrong when they act on the public directly, and so transform listeners into spectators. (My italics.)

Probably nobody goes to an orchestral concert to see the conductor; but the spectacular side of directing an orchestra is now such a factor that the placing of a screen at his back would probably cause a depression in the box office. A series of concerts with a hidden conductor would be an interesting experiment; and the fact that no concert-giving body would dare to risk such a series is convincing evidence that audiences have yet a lot to learn. For a little thought would show them that a conductor's chief work is done at rehearsals, and that skilled and well-rehearsed players do not really need the incentive of violent gestures: they could, off their own bat, make their entries, and scrape, blow and bang with the right amount of vigour. A conductor is necessary, as Saminsky says, to act chiefly as a 'psycho-physical metronome'. The famous English conductor who combines skilful footwork with a greater number of strokes all round the wicket than are displayed by any of his *confrères* was acclaimed as a genius long before he became mimetic; he is a great artist despite his gestures, not because of them. Indeed, if it be true that the chief aim of art is to disguise art, he is less good than he was ten years ago. I am probably only one of many whose enjoyment of the vivid performances Sir Thomas obtains is lessened by the sight of Sir Thomas obtaining them. Hence our pleasure at the announcement that he is to conduct some of next season's B.B.C. Symphony concerts. He is, in fact, the ideal broadcasting conductor—until television becomes general.

With the perfecting of television will disappear one of the chief advantages of broadcasting. It is certain that a steadily growing proportion of listeners welcome the invisibility of the performer as an aid to concentration on the music; and the fact that even the technical and other merits of the performance itself may be best appreciated by those who are unaware of its purely physical aspects should exert a wholesome influence on players and conductors. For visibility has been at the root of most of the vulgarity, ostentation, and other forms of bad taste that long ago gained the musician a bad name. Even some of the greatest of performers have yielded to the temptations of the concert-hall and have developed a touch of the charlatan. The cure for audience and performer—tempters and tempted—is invisibility.

Consideration of some remaining points must be deferred to a second article.

HARVEY GRACE

Excavators' Progress—IX.

Africa

By STANLEY CASSON

This article deals with Area VIII in the map published on page 4 of our issue of July 5

APART from the Nile valley, there are few regions in Africa where the penetration of influences from the Mediterranean were possible. A certain traffic existed across the narrows at Gibraltar and again opposite Sicily, and Crete served always as a stepping-stone between the Aegean and the Egyptian Delta. The Red Sea allowed of easy transit across from coast to coast, but there was little likely to



Inlay relief portrait of Akhenaten
Photograph by the Egypt Exploration Society Expedition to Tell-el-Amarna

come from Arabia and little that Arabia needed from Egypt, so that this traffic never amounted to much. But in the early Middle Ages Arabs penetrated East Africa and spread inland from the Northern African coasts.

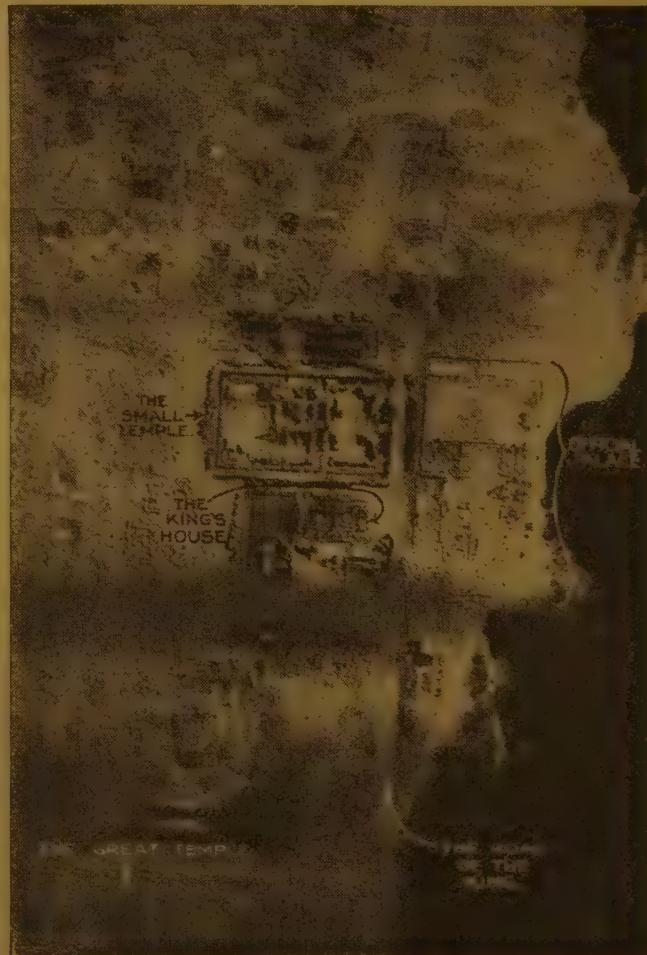
Archaeologically Africa has to offer to the excavator the Greek and Carthaginian sites of the north coast, the immense wealth of the Nile valley, where the whole course of unbroken human development can be studied in one fertile but rigidly limited area, and finally the southern and eastern provinces of Rhodesia and Kenya, where recent research has thrown much light upon palaeolithic man as well as on mediæval Bantu culture. Elsewhere little has been attempted.

So great is the wealth of antiquity in Egypt that the study of Egyptian archaeology is separately labelled as Egyptology. This very segregation indicates the character of the Egyptian world; it was a self-contained internally-developed world which reached to the highest levels of material culture and political organisation. In so far as the expansion of Egypt into an empire was undertaken, the only region where expansion was possible lay on the east, and along the Nile valley to the south. But imperialism never went far afield. Egypt pushed its frontiers into Syria where they marched with the Hittites in the fourteenth century B.C. and extended a spearhead of Egyptian control southwards to the Sudan. But Egypt never planted colonies, like the colonies of Minoan Crete in Greece or like the Hellenic colonies of the Black Sea and the western Mediterranean. For Egyptian civilisation had neither the proselytising character of Hellenism nor those qualities which would be likely to convert barbarians. Egypt lived on her own resources throughout her history, and, except for those early influences in Predynastic times that, as we saw, came in from Sumeria, owed little or nothing to alien cultures.

The massive tombs and dry sands of Egypt have preserved the remains of the past almost as faithfully as the ashes of Vesuvius. So much work has been done in Egypt during the last fifty years that it might have been thought that there were no surprises left. Yet one of the most important of recent results

of research has been the identification of the very earliest phase of Egyptian culture. Excavations during 1922-1925 revealed the very beginnings of Egypt. Until then the remains of what was called Predynastic Egypt had represented the earliest known phase, which preceded the First Dynasty and yet anticipated the main features of Egyptian life. The new finds reveal to us the very first agriculturists of the Nile valley whose date precedes 3500 B.C. and may extend as far back as 4500 B.C. These very primitive Egyptians, the ancestors of the whole Egyptian culture, to whom the name of 'Badarians' has been given by the excavators (from the name of the village Badari where the main discoveries were made), were in an advanced stage of a neolithic life. Their tools were of chipped flint and polished stone, but very finely worked, their garments of tanned leather, and they had a knowledge of copper for purposes of ornament; their pottery was fine and delicate. They carried on a limited local trade and cultivated barley and emmer-wheat. They also were fishers and hunters. In the Fayum depression, which then was a lake, was found evidence for a kindred culture, mainly of fishermen. But even they were in touch with the outside world, for, as ornaments, they used shells from the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. So much for the earliest times, which rank among the most important periods of Egyptian history.

Of the numerous and continuous discoveries made in Egypt by various expeditions it is hard to select the most interesting. It is perhaps worth recording the recent clearance of that most famous of all ancient monuments—the Sphinx. Carved out of an outcrop of rock the Sphinx (who, by the



Air photograph of part of the site of Amarna
Photograph by the R.A.F. Crown copyright reserved

way, is male, not female) has stood visible for nearly 5,000 years. It was built in the time of Chephren of the Fourth Dynasty and has faced only one enemy—the desert sand. Recently the sand has been cleared away and the great paws (partly made up of brickwork) have been revealed. This clearance is but the repetition of a pious duty. For the Sphinx was first disengaged from the sand in 1420 B.C. in the time of



Ruins of the Temple of Apollo at Cyrene

Tuthmosis IV, again in Ptolemaic times, later in 1818 by an English society, and again in 1886.

But of all recent discoveries in Egypt two stand out as of unusual importance—the excavations at Amarna which were carried out by German archaeologists just before the War and continued since the War by the British, and the opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen. The former has thrown light upon that strange and, perhaps, most interesting period of Egyptian history, the monotheistic Utopia which Akhenaten founded and his tremendous but unsuccessful fight against the all-powerful polytheistic priesthood of Egypt: the latter has given us an enormous mass of artistic material for the obscure period which immediately succeeded Akhenaten's fall and failure. The period covered by the two bodies of material is roughly the brief generation of 1380 to 1350 B.C.

The principal objects of importance found by the Germans were artistic and consisted of the contents of the studio of a sculptor named Thuthmose. The best of the finds were taken to the Berlin Museum where they can now be seen. The finest of the sculptures then found was the now famous head of Nefertiti and some heads of Akhenaten himself.

Further British excavations last year produced two exceptionally fine heads, one in relief of exquisite beauty. Indeed, the artistic revival of the revolutionary period of Akhenaten has been richly documented and the work of individual sculptors, known by name, identified. For the history of art this period of artistic renaissance is of unusual interest. For it illustrates that perpetual tendency of art to break the shackles imposed by religion. Religion often inspires art, but the art so inspired is soon compelled to conform to religious requirements. Akhenaten abolished the traditional religion of Egypt, substituted a monotheistic sun-worship, built a vast city on the banks of the Nile that was to be the centre of a new Egypt, and gave to art a fresh impetus. Ultimately, no doubt, the new religion would have damped down the enthusiasm of the artists, but the fire of a new freedom illuminated art as never before since the early Dynasties, and artists did what they wished as they wished. Hand in hand with art went a new architecture, and vast palaces and courts and temples were laid out. It was in the rooms of one of these palaces that the famous tablets of Amarna were found by chance in 1887. The tablets constitute the Foreign Office records of Egypt at a time when Egypt was engaged in wars and negotiations with the Hittite and Babylonian empires, and was holding the frontiers of her own outlying dominions in Syria with some difficulty. The present excavations at Amarna have been so fruitful that

further artistic finds as well as other literary documents may be discovered in the near future.

The discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen, sensational as it was, caught the public mind and excited the latent treasure-hunting instinct in everyone who read the strange tale. As treasure after treasure was found and the wealth of gold and jewels was recorded from day to day, as discovery revealed them, it was evident that the largest known haul ever made in one tomb had been found. Among the objects recovered some, undoubtedly, were of exquisite workmanship and great beauty. But there was a pronounced element of sheer vulgarity and ostentation in many of them.

Tutankhamen succeeded to the throne as a child after the brief reign of Smenkhkere, the son-in-law of Akhenaten, who had taken over the kingdom after the fall and death of his father-in-law, the collapse of the new Utopia and the victory of a reactionary priesthood and their ancient cults. The young Pharaoh Tutankhamen was probably a puppet in the hands of the priests. His Court abandoned Amarna and returned to the ancient capital of Thebes. But he reigned only for six years and it seems probable that he failed to achieve what the priests had hoped, for after his death his name was erased from the official lists of kings as well as from other documents. How and why he died is also a mystery which was conceivably known only to the priests, but there is as yet no explanation of the enormous wealth of objects deposited in his tomb, objects which were by no means wholly funerary. The actual coffins in which the mummy of the king was found rank as among the strangest of the finds. The sarcophagus was enclosed in four shrines, and in the sarcophagus were three coffins of which the two outer were of wood plated with gold, while the innermost was of solid gold. The value of the latter as sheer bullion has been estimated at £13,500, but as a work of art it is perhaps the finest thing found in the tomb. Though many of the other objects were tawdry and vulgar, this innermost coffin is of great beauty. The diadem of the king can also rank high as a supreme example of the goldsmith's art at a period when this art was perhaps at its summit. The only tombs ever opened which can rival that of Tutankhamen in wealth are those of Mycenæ and those of Ur.

Greek settlements on the African coast were few, but the colony of Cyrene has proved a rich source of discovery. Its excavation was begun in 1915 by Italian archaeologists, although the site had been surveyed and partly excavated many years before by two British naval officers who brought back several fine Graeco-Roman statues which are now in the British Museum. But the North African coast, dominated as it was by fanatical

Arab tribes, was not properly open to research until Italian colonial forces undertook its subjection. Improved political conditions made further enterprise possible after the War. The site of the great temple and much of the city of Cyrene was cleared, and finds of all periods from the foundation down to Roman times were made. Two archaic statues of the 'Maiden' type of the sixth century B.C. and a superb Aphrodite of the Hellenistic age were among the chief artistic finds. (The Aphrodite was found in the earlier excavations in 1915 and was sent to the Terme museum at Rome.) The most recent finds include a fine



Alabaster unguent vase in the form of a mythical lion found in the Tomb of Tutankhamen

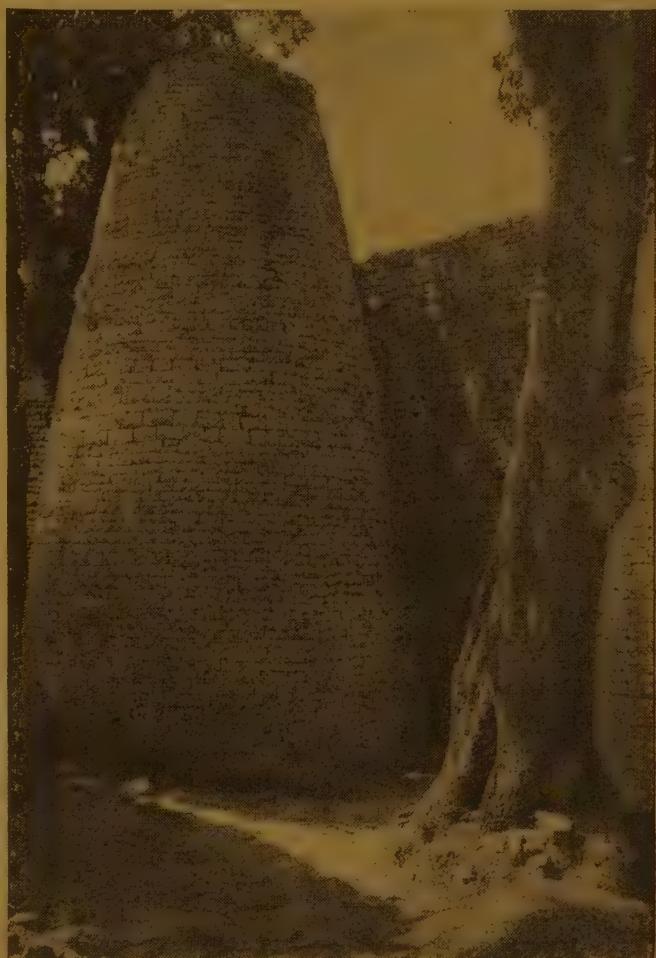
Photograph by Harry Burton of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. World copyright strictly reserved

bronze head of the fifth century and a copy perhaps of the Olympian Zeus of Phidias of Græco-Roman workmanship, and a fine group of late Imperial Roman copies of Greek work. But the full publication of the discoveries is awaited.

Among the problems which Africa has to offer the archaeologist, one of the most striking is that of the famous ruins of Zimbabwe. Like the lost cities of Yucatan and Honduras these ancient remains have been for a generation, and, indeed, still are, the playground of cranks and the sport of frantic theorists. In order that some background of solid knowledge should be obtained and the views of the amateur theorists finally laid to rest in the limbo of discredited hypotheses, scientific excavations were undertaken at the instance of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1929, the results of which appeared in a very thorough report*.

It is interesting to see how the legends that surround Zimbabwe had grown up. The great ruins are first referred to at second hand by Portuguese writers in the early sixteenth century. These first accounts associate the ruins with hypothetical gold-mines and their working. They are referred to again in the eighteenth century by the Governor of Goa, though as yet there was no first-hand account of them. In 1868 an ivory trader found them by chance and in 1888 we get our first description at first hand. Imagination then ran riot and every conceivable theory was let loose. Most popular was the attribution of the ruins to the Phoenicians, who have been made to father so many mysteries. Then in 1905 Mr. Randall MacIver carried out excavations and came to the conclusion that the ruins were mediæval, to the alarm and despondency of the amateur theorists. The recent excavations have supported MacIver's conclusions

in general that the ruins were of indigenous origin and no great antiquity, but have resulted in pushing back the date to not earlier than the ninth century A.D. Imported Chinese pottery, mostly Celadon ware, Persian Rhages ware, and Arab glass, all of the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries, found in the ruins, provided the material upon which MacIver formed his conclusion as to date. But the evidence of glass beads and an allowance of time for the imports to reach the site from Persia and China through the traders of the coast, as well as for the type of architecture and building to be developed, force the date back. Undoubtedly the Zimbabwe ruins were made by natives of Bantu origin. What impelled them to begin elaborate stone buildings of great complexity we do not know, but it is certain that some stimulus came from India through the Arab coast-traders. The Bantu at Zimbabwe were invaders surrounded by hostile elements and their need of fortification was great. Some forgotten ruler of genius may alone have inspired the new architecture of his tribe. The working of gold for their own purposes cannot be ruled out, for gold wire ornaments and gold objects are found in various Rhodesian sites. One of the most recent finds from a grave at Mapungabwe near the Limpopo river illustrates the mediæval gold-smithing of the natives. But there is no reason at all for considering Zimbabwe as in any sense a centre of a gold-mining empire. It was rather the citadel of a purely



The conical tower at Zimbabwe

From Miss Caton-Thompson's 'Zimbabwe Culture' (O.U.P.)

African tribe who rose to considerable heights of culture and achieved some small degree of art derived entirely from their own native genius, which developed under a stimulus which reached them from foreign traders, who were in search of the ivory, precious wood and other African products that, in the Middle Ages, were in demand among Oriental potentates.

The Residential College for Working Women (Hillcroft, Surbiton) announces the offer of short residential courses, planned to give 'refreshment, stimulation and a taste of corporate residential life in pleasant and healthful surroundings' to unemployed women over 20 years of age who have some intellectual interests and have attended fairly recently some club or classes. Among the subjects studied will be modern drama, handicrafts, music appreciation, newspaper reading and social history. Students will be charged only 5s. a week and arrangements can be made for successful applicants to retain their unemployment benefit. The first course will run from October 6 to November 3, the second from November 10 to December 8. Applicants should write to the Principal of the College.

MEMOIRS OF THE UNEMPLOYED

(Continued)

A further instalment of first-hand accounts, contributed by unemployed persons belonging to various trades, of the material and psychological effects of prolonged unemployment upon themselves and their families

XIX—*A Life of Drift—A Young Casual Labourer in London*

I AM a single man aged twenty-five living alone in lodgings. I was the fourth child, born in London, and when I was fourteen my mother died after having two other children. Father was then a labourer earning about 50s. a week, and kept the home going with the help of my two elder sisters, who were already at work in factories. My only brother had gone to the Midlands, where he worked as a coal miner.

On leaving school I first got a job as a builders' labourer which I kept for a year. After a short spell of unemployment I had done some farm work and decided to join my brother, who already had a wife and a home of his own. In his town I got a job down the mine, where I worked for nearly eight years, living with my brother and his wife. During 1930 both my brother and myself were discharged on account of the trade depression, along with a large number of other men. After waiting about the town some time in the hope that the mine would take us on again I thought it would be better to return to London and try to get any kind of a job there. My brother remained in the town and I came to London alone.

Going the Round of My Relations

I had not heard from my sisters and father while away, and on going to the old house found that my father had married a widow with four children of her own. My two younger sisters were still at home, but my two older sisters had married and gone away. My stepmother said she was unable to accommodate me in the house and she refused to put herself out in any way. I obtained the addresses of my two married sisters and tried them. One of them had one child and was living with her husband in one room. He was out of work, so I realised they could not help me. I next tried my other sister. She had two children and was living in two small rooms near by. Her husband was a carpenter's mate in a food factory, earning 50s. a week. They found me a furnished room at 6s. a week, as they were unable to give me a bed in their place.

I tried to get a job but without success. Since leaving the mine more than two years ago and coming back to London I have managed only to get a few odd jobs and pick up a shilling or two here and there. Once I got a job for two weeks at a new restaurant, holding a board on the kerb. They paid me 1s. 6d. a day and gave me a meal at 3 p.m., after all the midday customers had left. Last summer I helped a man to push his barrow during the strawberry season, for which he gave me 4s. a day. This only lasted two weeks. Twice I have got a job helping to move furniture, for which I got 5s. each time.

I used at first to get 17s. a week from the Labour Exchange, which was later reduced to 15s. 3d. Later I was put on to transitional benefit and am receiving 15s. per week. At times my father gives me a shilling and a meal if my stepmother is out. One of my married sisters washes my shirt and socks and sometimes gives me a meal. My other married sister whose husband is also out of work cannot help me at all, as they are living on transitional benefit themselves. Chums I used to know as a boy, and whom I meet around the Labour Exchange, invite me home now and again for a meal.

'I Never Have a Fire in My Room'

I have no things I can sell or pawn. Sometimes early last winter I felt inclined to risk pawning my jacket in the hope that I could make my position known to somebody. But the risk looked too great, as I know I stutter rather badly, and I should have found it difficult to explain my position. I never have a fire in my room and could not afford to be without a jacket.

Towards the end of 1931 my sister recommended me to an agent for suits. He came round to me and repeatedly pressed me to buy one. As my only suit was all in holes and very dirty I thought my chance of getting a job would be better if I took that new suit. I agreed to buy it and paid the first instalment of 2s. Since then I have paid 1s. to the agent now and again and still owe him some more. The suit was the only article I have managed to obtain on credit. None of the local shopkeepers will give me any credit, not even for small quantities of food. I suppose my appearance just frightens them, and some of them know I am a single man living in lodgings who might move at any time. I am compelled to pay my rent of 6s. a week, otherwise I should be turned out on to the streets. This leaves me now with 9s. a week with which to get food.

I have thought of giving up my room and sleeping in a 'doss-house'. There are no cheap ones in the neighbourhood, although there is a place some distance away with beds at 8d. a night. That would amount to 4s. 8d. a week, and leave me with 1s. 4d. more for food. But it would mean I should have to leave the neighbourhood where I do know a few people, who sometimes stand me a meal; and also not see my sisters, who make me feel I am not alone in the world. Besides, the chances of picking up a few shillings here and there on odd jobs would be much less, as I should be among complete strangers. Rather than be entirely alone and forced on the streets all day with less chance of picking up a job, I decided to remain in my furnished room. With the 9s. I have left for food I can afford to buy enough bread and cheese and margarine to make me feel full. Sometimes I manage to have sausages and boiled potatoes, which I cook on a gas ring. For a change I can get a cheap piece of fried fish and some chips from the fried fish shop. Tea is my only drink, and I take it with sweetened condensed milk, which saves me buying sugar. Occasionally I get a really good meal off a chum or my sister. Sometimes I get treated to a cup of tea and some cake in a local coffee-shop.

When I first got the sack from the mine I tried to join the Army, but they turned me down because of my stutter. I tried once more in London in 1931, but they rejected me again for the same reason.

The Tyranny of Foremen

I try to get a job by walking frequently all round my local area and looking for any notices. I dare not pay too many visits to the local public library in order to read the advertisements and the papers, for I think that the local Public Assistance committee would hear of my hanging about and think I was not trying hard enough to find a job. But if I do not go to the library I have no chance of reading a paper unless I pick one up in the streets or look at a friend's. On many occasions I have approached local builders to see if there were a chance of getting a job, only to be snarled at by the foreman. I suppose my clothes make them think I am no good, and when I stutter they just shut me up. I never get a chance of speaking to the boss himself, who might be a bit more decent. The foremen think themselves great men and like to feel themselves using their authority on chaps like myself. They just bully you. I have often felt like murdering foremen.

I knew very few people when I came back to London, and some of those were in good positions, married and already had some children. I certainly did not feel like approaching them, as I am sure they would have thought I was trying to sponge on them. One of them who met me in the street one day noticed my shabby appearance, and without asking me any questions invited me home to supper. His wife gave me a really good meal and asked me to come again. They had a little house of their own and a garden. He turned on the wireless for me. It was the first time for years that I had really been with a happy family and knew what home life was like.

I met a few chaps, unemployed like myself, outside the Labour Exchange, with whom I have chummed up. One or two of them who live with their parents take me to their homes now and again. I feel shy of talking to anybody else, who would probably think I was trying to get something out of them; and in any case they usually walk away as soon as I get near them.

Games Which Don't Require Thought

When I go home with my unemployed chums we usually play draughts or dominoes. We are just about able to play games like those, which don't require much thought. You can stop and talk in the middle, and in any case the games never last very long. Card games want too much patience and attention, and we have no money to gamble on the play.

I used to be interested in sport when I was in the Midlands and could go to the big local football match and play in one of the miners' teams. But I have not been to a match for years and don't feel much interested in reading up the sports news in the papers. Besides the results seem to matter so little to me. Now and again I do feel interested in a match and want to go and see it very much. As I can't, I just lose interest once more, and put my mind to trying to get a meal instead.

Most of the time I just walk about in the hope of getting hold of a job. I do not take any exercise other than walking. I was never very interested in trade unions, although when I was a miner I did belong to the local Miners' Union. On leaving the Midlands I left the Union and have not had anything to do with unions since that time. When a miner I never worried much about politics. Our mine kept going better than most until 1930, although I did come out on strike with the rest in the big strikes. I feel that the employing class has given the miners a very dirty deal. Every time the Government promised to help us, they threw us to the mine-owners, who are the most obstinate crew of old profit-grabbers that ever lived.

In London politics do not interest me very much. I see a paper now and again and the politicians seem to be saying the same words over and over again. They always seem to be saying things will get better next month. Any improvement in conditions won't be due to them. I worry over my own position and try to think what I can do. But I can never see a way out. There is no hope in mining; there is enormous unemployment in building, and farmers don't want a town man now when they can get hold of a local man.

I never used to read many books. At school I always liked to

play games rather than read. I never belonged to a public library, and when a chum lends me a book I find I can only read slowly. I can't sit still for long, so I just put the book aside and walk the street hoping to find a chum. It is too cold in my room in winter to sit still and read, and as long as it is dry outside, for I have not got an overcoat, I walk the streets to keep warm.

I am now twenty-five years old, and I have no skill for getting a good job. The chances of returning to the mine are pretty small. All I can hope for is to get labouring work of any kind, and the outlook for that is pretty hopeless with so many others trying to get the same kind of job. I am not very strong now, as I can't get rid of a cold on my chest, so most foremen turn their noses up at me. My sisters have helped me along now and then, and without them I don't know what I should have done. Often enough I have felt like stealing some fruit off a stall. If it had not been for my sisters, I should have become a thief. I still hope for better times to arrive before I reach the breaking point, when I shall just become a thief if I can find a pal to come in with me. If not I can't go on much longer, just hanging on to life, always feeling hungry and without any sort of comfort at all. I suppose if I have the courage I shall just kill myself.

XX—Unemployment and Nerves—A Skilled Letterpress Printer

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE, AND LIFE A HELL! On the surface, rather a drastic expression from a man so young, who should be in the prime of life and enjoying every happiness that is given to mankind. Nevertheless true, as the following statements will prove.

I lost my father (killed in the War) when I was seven years of age. My mother struggled on until I was twenty, and then passed away, the worry and grief proving too much for her. So at that early period in life I was left without parents or relatives, alone in the world to battle for myself. Never robust in health, due mostly to lack of decent food, for mother had been hard put to to find work, I myself on her death had a nervous breakdown. This lasted for two years, but at last, after spending some months in a convalescent home, I recovered sufficiently to enter the field of labour once more, but alas!—during my absence my situation had been filled. I can still hear the doctor's words: 'All you want now is good food, occupation to keep you from thinking of your troubles, and you'll soon build yourself into a fine young fellow!'

At first I was optimistic, feeling sure that being a skilled workman, and good at my job, I should soon find work. But time soon proved to me the error of my thinking. I visited all the large works in the town, with no success, and in many places I was told I was a d——d nuisance, and I ought to know it was useless applying unless a vacancy was advertised. Still optimistic, I wrote after all classes of jobs, office work, labouring, garage attendant, private service, etc., without avail. My few savings had now been spent, and all I had coming in was my 15s. 3d. unemployment benefit. In desperation I pawned a few clothes to get my train fare to London, hoping that opportunities would be better there. Needless to say, however, I am still among the ranks of the unemployed.

Existing on the 'Dole'

I am given to understand that certain Health Authorities state that there is no deterioration in the health of the unemployed. I should imagine those gentlemen in question (salaried at, say, £500 to £1,000 a year) had just finished an excellent dinner, and partaken of wines, and whilst in that state of well-being had passed such a statement. There is a growing weakness in the unemployed through under-nourishment, that whilst not perhaps showing as yet, on the surface, is undermining their stamina, and will in time make itself plain in the degeneration of a large percentage of the population. Continual medical treatment (at the cost of the authorities) and weakly children who in later years will, like myself, give way under the stress of modern conditions, will be the result of the scanty unemployment benefit.

How do I exist on my 'magnificent bounty'? I pay 8s. for a furnished room, which includes laundry. Gas costs 6d. weekly; letters for situations 6d.; razor blades, soap, blacking, haircuts, etc., average 3d.; and 6d. a week I save to help to buy boots, second-hand flannels, etc. This leaves me 5s. 6d. a week for food. Can a man keep up health and strength on such a sum? Emphatically no! It is slow starvation. How do I do it? Certainly not at Lyons' Café, nor do I indulge in late dinners. My breakfast consists of three slices of bread and jam, and a cup of tea. Dinner, two slices of bread and about 2 oz. of cheese. Tea, two boiled eggs, or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes, or a tin of baked beans. If I have 2d. left at the week-end (which isn't often) I 'mug' myself and buy some chip potatoes. I have not tasted meat, potatoes (barring the above occasions) or vegetables for over twelve months—and then I am told I get enough money to keep fit and strong.

At first one is carried along by hope and the tightening of the belt, taken with a smile, but the novelty wears off. Clothes begin to look shabby and shiny, the cuffs and trouser bottoms fray, the

boots become worn out, and you long to be able to sit down to a decent dinner, but must turn to the inevitable 'bread and cheese' sandwiches. You begin to feel an outcast of society: as you sit with the other unfortunates in the parks, you hide furtively from passing people your frayed clothes, and try to keep the blank look of despair from your face. The library news room, with its rows of 'Situations Vacant' (mostly canvassing and 'dud' jobs), becomes your morning objective. If a job is going within walking distance (five or six miles either way) you rush off with a hoping heart and an empty stomach. *You tramp back with an emptier stomach!*

Loneliness, Poverty, and Hunger

How do I pass my day? Truthfully I hardly know myself: but mostly I sit in the parks, have a swim (in the free pond), walk about, talk with the other fellows who are out: I am a member of the library and spend most evenings reading until midnight. I find it the only thing that can take my mind off my loneliness, poverty and hunger. My choice varies: Fiction—Priestley, Dels, Orczy, Tolstoy, etc. (Russian writers are my favourites.) Educational and interest subjects—Philosophy, Psychology, Travel, Socialism, Economics, etc.

It has proved in my case, and must have in thousands of others, that unemployment with its worries and lack of food inevitably leads to nervous debility. In my own case I was unfortunate to be handicapped in the first place by a highly sensitive nature and malnutrition. After my illness I was unable, owing to unemployment, to follow out the doctor's advice as to food, etc., with the result I have slowly sunk into a severe form of 'nerves' which has become so acute that if a situation was offered me now in my own trade, I would not mentally and physically be able to do it. I am compelled to seek an outside job; gardening or collecting or something similar (which has proved unavailing so far), all because when I needed work I was unable to get it.

Marriage, and Female Labour

Many complaints are made by the men, particularly those who are qualified clerks and office workers, and have been replaced by women. To a certain extent they are justified in complaining, but on the other hand you must study the position of the opposite sex. Taking my own case as an example: whilst having every desire to marry and settle down in a home of my own (particularly as I live in one small room, which acts as a bedroom, living and dining room) I am compelled by unemployment and lack of prospects to crush these desires. This means that one more young woman (I am taking the liberty of assuming that someone would accept my proposal) is left 'on the shelf', and must, to live, find work of some description, and enter seriously into the field of labour.

The obvious solution would be to refuse women workers wherever it was possible and practical to employ men, and the women would naturally look to matrimony as their goal. Meanwhile many thousands of eligible men are compelled to walk the streets, and the women who ought, and in many cases, want, to marry, are holding their jobs.

The Future

What ambitions have I for the future? Taking things all round, I am not ambitious, because I do not think wealth and power create happiness. All I ask is a fair-minded employer who will give me regular work at a living wage, letting me escape from the spectre of poverty, hunger and ill-health, and I'm prepared in return to give loyal and conscientious service.



In search of work: unemployed queuing up for a temporary job at Surrey Commercial Docks

Photograph: H. C. Briggs



An unemployed man who has found a use for his leisure

Model of a complete circus train as conceived and built in miniature by a former Canadian National Railway conductor, during fourteen months of unemployment. It consists of five C.N.R. locomotives, eight sleeping-cars, an observation car, four cabooses, three elephant cars, several horse cars, seventeen flat cars for lion cages, etc.

The model is assembled in four train sections.

Canadian National Railways

Science Notes

The 'Everyday' Scientist

AT this time of the year, when the British Association meetings have just ended and the schools are about to re-open, any new aspect of the old subject, science and education, is topical. This year 'everyday' is the description of the science which may possibly be the kind the world is waiting for. 'Everyday' Science is to be one of the new subjects in Part I of the General Examination for the Pass B.A. Degree of Cambridge; more interesting still, 'everyday' science has received the blessing of that powerful organ of scientific thought, *Nature*. For some years this subject, as General Science, has been taught and examined in schools with a success which has been varyingly assessed. On the whole it has proved suitable for young children from 10 to 13, valuable for the adolescent from 16 to 19, and rather unsuccessful for the intermediate ages. (There the more formal sciences, chemistry and physics and biology, with their harder discipline, have proved the better subjects.) 'Everyday' science is not an analysis of geology, astronomy, physiology, biology, physics, chemistry, etc., as ordinarily taught, for nobody could embrace all these, but a very judicious selection from all. It aims at being extensive not intensive, at paying more attention to facts than to theories, appreciating broadly a few simple instances of method rather than a detailed technique, stressing beauty as well as truth, encouraging the history of science, and always relating what is taught to the common experiences of life. At Cambridge, for example, the new subject embraces topics so disparate as gravitation and epidemics, invisible radiations and vitamins, the control of disease and the anatomy of mammals. The survivor of such a course ought to be as knowledgeable as Praed's vicar—

Whose talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mâhomé to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

It is a pity that this know-all should be a mere Pass man, especially the Pass man of the older universities. The leader-writer in *Nature* has recognised this defect, and with the courage of his conviction on the point strongly advocates that Cambridge should include 'everyday' science in its Honours subjects. But Cambridge will not do that. The attitude toward general science everywhere is that it is an interesting and attractive subject for non-scientists or for the weaker students of science; it should be helpful to those who have to play active parts in the world of tomorrow, moulded as it will be by scientific thought and controlled by scientific invention, but it is emphatically not a subject for those who can stand the more formal teaching and discipline of the separate sciences or who have hopes of contributing to their extension in the future. Even the optimistic writer in *Nature* regards it as advisable in the critical period from 13 to 16 'to segregate the more from the less intelligent pupils and to inspire the latter with "everyday" science rather than confuse them with the more exacting individual subjects'. And to say that is to damn it as an Honours subject. Snippets are not necessarily bad, a smattering is not necessarily an evil, nevertheless I do not believe that any University will so countenance the smattering of sciences, which is 'general' or 'everyday' science, as to make it an Honours subject. 'Everyday' science may be and often is an excellent subject in schools; it ought to be about the last subject of study at a University. Why not 'everyday' art or 'everyday' music there, too?

The perfect 'everyday' scientist is a happy man. Knowledge of the elements of all sciences are his. Take so important an activity of today as the writing of detective stories. It is agreed that as detection becomes more and more complex there is recourse to increasingly difficult or recondite facts of science. The 'everyday' scientist is the detective writer's ideal, for no facts are too hard for him. He is his safeguard, for erroneous statements would be sure to be discovered. The detective

writer himself is, or ought to be, the 'everyday' scientist *par excellence*. In the old Poe-Conan Doyle period close observation, the elements of chemistry, of optics and pharmacology saw the reader through, but now it is quite different. He must know the formula as well as the physiological effect of prussic acid and the principal reactions of the commoner alkaloids. It is essential, for example, that he grasps that strychnine sulphate is insoluble if he is to realise how the old lady was so neatly poisoned with the last dose of her physic. He may not be so acute a pathologist as Sir Bernard Spilsbury, but there is precious little about a recent corpse that he does not know. He no longer is puzzled, he is not even bored, when he reads that sugar is really made up of two sugars, one of which 'rotates the plane of polarisation of light to the right', while the other, although in greater degree, performs a like office to the left. He understands perfectly, of course, the Second Law of Thermodynamics and recalls, now that you mention it, that haemophilia, or partial failure of blood to clot, is shown only by the male though it is inherited only through the female. (Haemophilia is now quite important in detective fiction.) The fact that the hero can apparently be in two widely separated places at once if he has an identical twin has made the reader an authority on twins. He knows, for example, that in addition to ordinary and identical twins there is the very rare case of mirror-image twins (always the same sex) where the right side of one is exactly similar to the left side of the other, so that one of the twins, for example, has his heart on the right side. In the inorganic world he knows that diamonds alone of precious stones cannot be made synthetically with any success and that all talk of making gold from lead or of tapping the energy of the atom is close to bunkum. So much does he know, indeed, that we conclude that if 'everyday' science was not taught in school for its own sake it would be necessary to put it on for the proper appreciation of fiction.

The ideal 'everyday' scientist is born, not made. It is a mistake to think that he holds perfectly the balance between the sciences—that he is excited equally by astronomy and chemistry, or no more moved by physics than natural history. He is nearly always one who began as a specialist in perhaps two sciences, and later acquired some knowledge of others less technically. The best 'everyday' scientists at school, it is agreed, are those doing a general course from 16 to 19, after specialising between 13 and 16.

What a grasp of Nature the 'everyday' scientist ought to have! What an insight into one aspect of her beauty! And yet he must keep it all to himself. The joy is incommunicable. Its utterance, even with the raciness of a Thackeray and the particularity of a James Joyce, would be boring to the general public. Picture him as he awakes from a dream in perfect health on a sunny morning. He cannot breathe without reflecting on the wonder of the chemical action between carbon and oxygen, or move his arms without thinking how easy it is to make lactic acid in the muscle, or use his eyes without recalling the pleasant facts of optics and physiology. As he plunges into his cold bath the shock is softened by the recollection of the body's control of temperature and quite dissipated by the thought of Archimedes and his 'eureka'. His difficulties begin with washing. Soap's chemical formula is too difficult to be remembered so early in the day, and its detergent action on the skin involves colloid chemistry which is just outside of his knowledge. He has method also as well as knowledge. His mind can be at times a clear, cold, logic engine. He is cautious; he is fully awake; he never gives the wrong change. As he reflects upon those twin pillars of nineteenth-century physics, the Conservation of Matter and the Conservation of Energy, he recognises that Nature's motto is 'Nothing for nothing'. As he sees the Sun in its glory and feels the wind in its fury he realises also that Nature has another motto, 'Everything for the asking', and he becomes puzzled. But I need not continue the synopsis. Perhaps when a paper entitled *Scientific Tit-bits* appears it will give the whole story.

A. S. RUSSELL

The Need for Co-ordination in Science

By GERALD HEARD

Mr. Heard sums up the tendencies of modern science as shown in the Presidential Address at the British Association's Annual Meeting at Leicester

THE Presidential Address given in the De Montfort Hall showed clearly the British Association's attitude to the public. Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins was chosen to give it not only because he is President of the Royal Society and a Nobel Prizeman, but because he is the discoverer of vitamins. I don't think any other scientific discovery has become so popular. It combines all the fairy-tale excitement of magic elixirs with the hard scientific fact of successful experiments. It was very difficult to find these vitamins. They were first of all only recognised, as one's fellow-Irishman would say, by their absence, by the fact that men fell ill when they were left out of their food. And when they were found, they could only be extracted by methods that are so delicate that they, too, seem almost magical. Telling us all about this, the President certainly showed that the British Association is not inclined to talk down to us. He explained thoroughly what the vitamins are and how complex they are, to a huge audience, many of whom were just lay-outsiders. To do this he had to take us through the history of those many finds which have helped us to understand a little more fully what he calls the chemical aspects of life. It was fascinating, if hard, going. We were told how vitamins and those other wonder-drugs of modern science, the hormones, the secretions of the ductless glands, are really at bottom the same chemicals the vitamins made outside the hormone inside the body, and how what we found out about one helped us to understand the other, and how in a little time we may hope to be able to make these master potions in the laboratory. Some few are already made. We learnt that, though the progress of bio-chemistry, the chemistry of the living body, may up till now have been wonderful, still it is only beginning. We are on the brink of immense discoveries—if we can go on. But (and this was where we, the public, came in) can science go on? Only if there is peace, freedom and understanding. The President said how grave a thing it was that when the cup of knowledge was at our lips it should be dashed away, that just when the microscope is going to reveal a new world it should be in danger of being thrown down and broken.

Of course many people don't care much about making an effort to keep the world fit for science to go on. They feel science hasn't really done much for the world. First, hasn't it discouraged men? Hasn't it shown that men have no freedom; as you are born you must remain? The President showed that in his subject, bio-chemistry, science had on the contrary done quite the reverse. Using these marvellous drugs you can change peoples' health and their spirits and energy, almost their character, and recover them from conditions which seemed inborn and hopeless in a way which till a few years ago would have been thought impossible. Here science has certainly added to freedom. But hasn't science by its inventions threatened civilisation? There again Sir Frederick showed that his particular science has done nothing but good and he remarked, I think very justly, that if we, the public, heard at least as much about biology as we have heard about physics, we should not be so gloomy about science. But that fact, that we don't hear enough about biology, illustrates vividly the chief need and use of the British Association—to keep in front of the public a properly-proportioned picture of what science is doing. It was on that point that the President concluded with a most daring but urgent suggestion. He asked for the founding of a centre of all the sciences (such as Bacon suggested three hundred years ago) where not only scientists but all men who understood nature and human nature might meet as an advisory body to tell the public and the governments what the facts really are and how these facts affect them.

I think this Presidential Address shows very clearly how the British Association regards its duty to the public. And more, I think it also shows how the British Association thinks about what is happening to science itself, owing to specialisation. It was interesting to realise that though in that big hall, holding nearly three thousand members, many of these members were highly specialised and qualified scientists, yet because they are so qualified many of them (geologists, anthropologists, astronomers, etc.) listened to Sir Gowland Hopkins with the general interest and the particular ignorance of any of us lay-folk. Because, the more thorough specialisation grows, the more the specialist must become, outside his ever smaller special subject, only one of the public. That is why the President's call for a great co-ordinating centre is so urgent. I realised it even more fully when the next morning I was going from section to section listening to some of the group discussions and seeing how neighbouring sciences were trying to get news of what the science next door was doing behind its party wall. The psychologists and the physiologists were pooling knowledge about

giddiness and air-sickness in flying and how you may lose your sense of where you are when you are up in the air. About weather forecasting, physicists, meteorologists and geologists were comparing notes. While the anthropologists, with records of primitive Keltic weather prediction had something to say on the subject from their particular angle. But as I listened to several of them and, going from one to the other, realised the length of the front of sciences, I realised, too, what a task it is. I know that some earnest researchers say that the British Association only gives a lot of amiable people interested in science a chance to have an excursion together: and that all this getting together is only so much unthought-out uplift. But if that is true it is up to the critics not to desert the British Association but to make it better. Dean Inge has said that specialisation is growing so fast that if something isn't done about it soon the various specialists won't be able to understand each other's language. We shall return, he says, to the confusion of Babel. But if that should happen, if the scientists lose touch completely with each other, the future is even gloomier than the Dean foresees. For the story says the builders of Babel scattered in confusion. But the builders of science, unless they can come to an agreement, will be set at each other's throats and destroy themselves and us. I think perhaps the co-ordination and inter-relations of the various sections of the British Association and the sciences they represent should be made clearer, and the whole front of science—what it has won and where it is pointing—should be reported on to the Association and the public at the conclusion of each annual gathering. Attending the various sections and hearing their respective Presidents is rather like being presented with many columns of figures and no totals. The task is tremendous, but I am sure it is absolutely essential that it must be done and the British Association is the body to do it, if any body is. It is the keeping community conscious (as our American friends would say) of many scientists, and they are not easy people to keep taking wide views. It is almost as easy to keep scientists together surveying the general lie of the land as it is to keep an armadillo admiring the view and prevent it from starting to tunnel itself in. And the Association is also keeping us, the public, conscious that there is this huge force, science, digging under our foundations and our roots, and it is asking us what we intend to do about it. Of course the annual meeting is also a social event, and so I think it should be. I would venture to say that the British Association at this time in Leicester is attempting, as Pitt said of England, to save itself by its exertions and civilisation by its example. It may fail. It may be too difficult a task to co-ordinate the sciences and to make the specialists and us, the public, able together to use these enormous powers for human benefit and not for destruction. But I do see quite clearly, coming back from this visit, that if the British Association fails and falls to pieces, then that will be the clearest and gravest symptom that this civilisation of ours is going to fail and fall to pieces. For science has to be co-ordinated or it must rupture, first, all associations designed to keep it together as a single body, and then, like an explosive gas, burst asunder society itself. We shall have shown, as Sir Gowland Hopkins warned us, that the powers of science are too great for us and that, being so, they must destroy us. That is the choice. Behind all the admirable entertainment there is, quite plain, this gravest urgency. There is a real hope here for a future which otherwise does not show many signs of being very inviting. In the British Association there is the promise of some real forward activity at last on the front where civilisation is facing chaos.

American Recovery Programme

(continued from page 370)

sufficient price. Indeed, it may be necessary in any case, before the Government can raise the huge sums needed for the mortgage-relief and public-works sections of the programme. Congress has provided for that event. The President has been given power to inflate the currency. He still holds that power as a weapon in reserve. If he feels that it is necessary, he will certainly use it.

It was because of this financial uncertainty that he refused to join in any agreement to stabilise the value of the dollar in foreign exchange. He feels that his home policy must, for some time at least, be carried out in isolation from the rest of the world. One thing is certain, the whole undertaking is so vast that it is impossible now to draw back, whatever may happen. The President himself has hinted as much; and if there are signs of failure, I think we may expect to see him turn to compulsion if persuasion fails.

Out of Doors

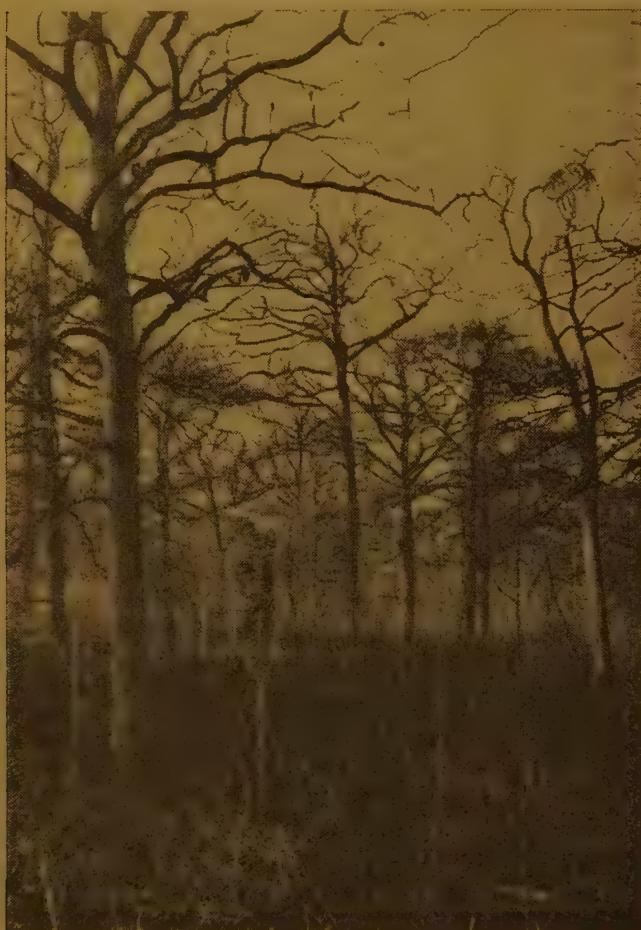
Planning the Future of British Forests

By R. S. TROUP

WOOD is so important an article in our everyday life that it is difficult to imagine how we could exist without it. It enters into the construction of our houses, ships, boats, and rolling-stock; it is used for the manufacture of furniture, casks, packing-cases, and countless other articles, while the working of our coal-mines depends on the regular supply of wooden pit-props. Vast quantities of wood are cut and converted into newspaper in order to satisfy our demand for news. The rayon or artificial silk which is in such universal demand is also made from wood. Although substitutes for wood are being used to an increasing extent, statistics show that in normal years there is no decrease in the demand for it; this indicates that if we are at any time faced with a serious shortage of wood we shall feel it acutely and

because our percentage of forest is smaller than that of any other European Power, while less than 5 per cent. of our requirements in timber are grown in the country. Of the 95 per cent. which we import, the great bulk comes from foreign countries. In other words, if a shortage of softwood timber occurs, we shall be dependent almost entirely on foreign countries for supplies of an essential commodity, for which we shall have to pay famine prices.

Why, we may ask, have things been allowed to get into this state, and what is being done to guard against the serious plight in which we may find ourselves? During the sixteenth century, or possibly earlier, notes of alarm began to be sounded, chiefly in regard to the scarcity of oak timber for naval shipbuilding, and from time to time activity was shown in the sowing of acorns. The growing of oak for shipbuilding, however, ceased when the days of the old 'wooden walls' came to an end. At the same time, with the more extended use of coal, the importance of firewood declined. As a maritime country with a great merchant marine we found it possible to import as much timber as we required from those countries which were able to supply it, and we were not compelled, as were continental countries less favourably situated, to grow our own supplies of wood to any large extent. The first rude awakening came during the Great War, when large quantities of timber were required for army huts, ordnance work, packing-cases, and numerous other purposes, not to speak of pit-props to keep our mines working at high pressure. The small area of woodland in Great Britain was capable of supplying only a fraction of our needs, even though we made serious inroads into our forest capital; consequently we had to utilise, for the importation of a bulky article like timber, shipping which was urgently required for bringing in foodstuffs and other essential commodities. As the submarine



Common type of British oak wood

Trees grown in too open a condition, with little good timber in the bole and much branch wood. Ground covered with brambles.

many of our industries will be ruined. What, then, is the chance of such a calamity happening, and what steps are we taking to guard against it? The first question may best be answered by referring to a report entitled *The Timber Problem*, issued last year by the Economic Committee of the League of Nations. This report quotes an estimate to the effect that the world's consumption of wood is 50 per cent. greater than the annual production. It should be remembered that a forest represents so much capital, which, if kept intact, is capable of producing a regular out-turn each year. It is, in fact, like a sum of money placed on deposit and earning interest; if in addition to spending our interest we squander each year a portion of our capital, we must eventually become impoverished and even bankrupt. The world is squandering its forest capital at an alarming rate, and some authorities predict within thirty years a serious shortage of softwoods, which supply about 80 per cent. of the world's demand for sawn timber as well as the raw material for the manufacture of newsprint and artificial silk. Such a shortage will affect Great Britain more seriously than most countries,



Well-ground oak wood in Normandy

Trees grown in close formation, now partly opened out to obtain natural regeneration from self-sown acorns. Note the tall straight cylindrical stems. The volume of good timber per acre is at least eight times that of the English wood shown above



Open beech wood in England

Trees with short boles, much branch wood, and little good timber

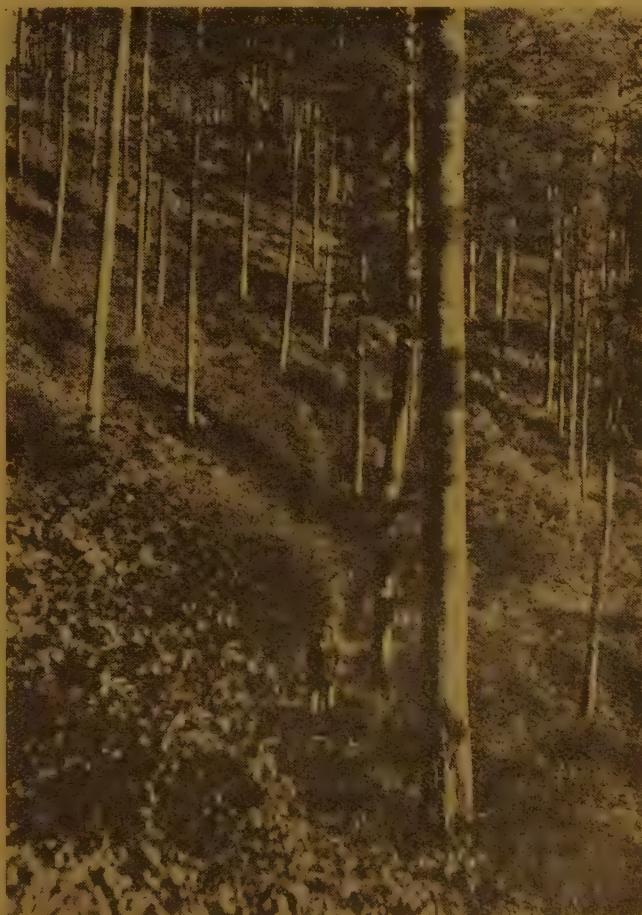
campaign continued and shipping became scarcer, a serious situation arose, and for the first time in our history we began to see the imperative need for a national scheme of forestry which would prevent our being placed in a similar predicament again. A Forestry Sub-Committee of the Reconstruction Committee was appointed to enquire into the situation, and issued towards the end of the War a report, as a result of which the Forestry Act of 1919 was passed, a permanent Forestry Commission was constituted, and an extensive scheme of State afforestation over a period of 80 years was put into operation shortly after the conclusion of the War. The progress made under this scheme has been good. Including about 120,000 acres of former Crown woodland, the Forestry Commission has already acquired over 836,000 acres, of which 510,000 acres are plantable, and has planted an area of over 220,000 acres. This afforestation scheme, as may be imagined, has presented numerous problems, the solution of which requires careful research; among these problems may be mentioned those relating to the technique of raising plants on a large scale at minimum cost, the treatment and afforestation of unfavourable soils such as many of the peat and heathland soils, the growth and volume production of different tree crops in various situations, and the pests and diseases to which forest trees are liable. This work is carried out by a special research branch of the Forestry Commission with the assistance of certain universities.

We have seen that the present afforestation policy of Britain was formulated at a time when the War was uppermost in the minds of everyone, and is based on questions of national security in the event of another great war. Since the War other important considerations have arisen, particularly the threatened world shortage of timber and the question of unemployment. We can no longer afford to possess large areas of land lying idle if they can be turned to a useful purpose by afforestation with the object of increasing our supplies of home-grown timber and providing healthy and useful employment to a large number of people. It has been estimated, for instance, that land under properly managed forest will provide employment for ten times the number of persons required for the same area of rough sheep grazing. Forestry, again, if combined with small-holdings, will have a beneficial effect on rural life in general, in providing the smallholders with employment in the forest at seasons when agricultural work is slack. This is recognised by the Forestry Commission, who have already established about 1,160 'workers' holdings throughout the country. All these considerations point to the desirability of reconsidering the forest policy of this country on a wider basis, with the view of enlarging the afforestation programme to meet the situation which has arisen. This will include a revised estimate of the area of land available for afforestation; for which the maps now being prepared by the Land Utilisation Survey should form a useful basis.

So far we have been considering State forestry. Equally important is the question of private forests, the area of which at present amounts to more than four-fifths of the total forest area of the country. Private woodlands have always played a

predominant part in the forestry of Great Britain, and it is right that they should continue to play a prominent part. But apart from a limited number of well-managed private estates, the condition of private forestry is by no means satisfactory. A large percentage of the woodlands felled during the War has never been restocked, in spite of the fact that afforestation is encouraged by State subsidies. Various reasons have been given for this, including high taxation, death duties, and the general economic depression. One probable reason is the fact that most woodland estates are too small to form economic units; a possible remedy would be to work on a co-operative basis by forming groups of woodland estates and placing each group under a competent forest manager. Under existing conditions these small estates, with their fluctuating out-turns, cannot hope to compete on equal terms with the large supplies of well-sawn and well-graded timber imported into this country. So far as productivity is concerned, many of our private woodlands are so open and uncared-for that they are producing only a small fraction of what the area should be capable of yielding. The

illustrations, comparing common types of British oak and beech woodlands with well-managed continental forests of the same species, will serve to illustrate this point. Most continental countries have laws compelling private forest owners to reforest all areas felled and in some cases insisting on the management of private forests on approved lines. In planning



Well-managed beech wood in the Harz Mountains

Trees grown in close formation, now widely thinned out, and ground covered with natural regeneration of young beech. Note straight clean cylindrical stems, producing a large volume of good timber

Photographs by courtesy of the Author

the future of British forests the question of improving the condition of private forestry will require careful consideration for it should not be left in its present unsatisfactory state. But if legislation is to be introduced on the continental model, some measure of alleviation in the matter of rates, taxes and death duties may be necessary to assist the landowner.

Old Friends Recalled

By JASON HILL

THERE are some good garden plants that were great favourites in their day and then, for one reason or another, lost favour and were elbowed out of the garden by new-comers. Sometimes the periodicity of fashion calls one of them back, and then it is usually reinstated on its own merits; but most of them linger obscurely in old remote gardens, like stars of the stage in provincial retirement, and they do not receive even an obituary notice when they become extinct.

The Fuchsia is an old favourite to which fashion is beckoning once again, though it has come near to being thought dowdy and superannuated. Its immense popularity diminished rather suddenly, partly, I think, under the influence of naturalistic tendencies in gardening and partly because the plant was exploited and misused; it grew so readily that it was debased to produce mass effects in bedding out, and it lent itself so complaisantly to cross-breeding that its best varieties were obscured by swarms of blurred and smudgy hybrids. It has had a long career, for it entered this country about 1790 and first appeared, according to legend, in a window-box in Limehouse; there it was seen and coveted by a nurseryman, but the old lady who owned it would not part with it, she said, 'for all the gold in the Indies', as it had been entrusted to her by her sailor son; she compromised with her conscience, however, at eighty guineas (or, according to another version, at eight), and *Fuchsia corallina* passed into commerce, where it was soon joined by the other species and profitably crossed with them. Now, in simpler surroundings than those of its heyday, the elegant design of the Fuchsia and its clear, rich colours may be better appreciated than ever before. There are so many named varieties still surviving that it is difficult to make a selection, but 'Dunrobin Bedder', 'Rose of Castille Improved', 'Clipper', 'Masterpiece' and 'Marinka' are not likely to disappoint anyone, and 'Madame Cornelliison', with her cardinal red skirt and liberal display of snow-white petticoat, is nearly as hardy as she is charming.

Though the home of the Fuchsias begins in the equatorial groves of Mexico, it extends right down to the Straits of Magellan, and a little antarctic garden of character can be made in a cool and sheltered corner with *Fuchsia discolor* (from Port Famine), *F. magellanica prostrata*, *Oxalis magellanica*, *Sisyrinchium grandiflorum*, and the apple-green hummocks of *Azorella pedunculata*; thus you may see the aborigines in their natural setting and the highly mannered, stylistic hybrids in a modern drawing room, both exhibiting the same kind of elegance and both in harmony with their surroundings.

Tradescantia virginica, much older than the Fuchsia as a garden plant, shows signs of a return to popularity in an increased demand for it, which must be pleasantly surprising to the patient nurserymen, who have stocked it for so long. It is a plant of unusual and slightly eccentric character, with three

round petals and rush-like leaves, which throw themselves into abrupt, galvanic attitudes, and one would have thought that it would appeal more certainly to the connoisseur than to the average gardener. It was introduced about three hundred years ago and named after John Tradescant, an assiduous collector of plants, and, indeed, of many other things, for he was the proprietor of 'Tradescant's Ark' in Lambeth, which contained, among other natural curiosities, a fine stuffed Dodo, whose few moth-eaten remains are now enshrined at Oxford. The *Tradescantia*, under the name 'Spiderwort', became a popular garden plant, and the original form with lilac flowers soon gave rise to better coloured varieties, notably a fine sky-blue, a pure white and a brilliant magenta crimson, now timidly and misleadingly called 'var. rosea'. The recent revival has evoked some forms with much larger flowers, notably 'James Weguelin' and 'Parwell

'Giant' in azure blue, and 'Leonore' in violet purple with rather dark stems and sepals. There are also some double and semi-double forms, but all of them are much less desirable, I think, than the single varieties. All the varieties of *Tradescantia virginica* will flourish in any soil that is not too poor and dry, and, like the Day Lilies (*Hemerocallis*), which associate very well with them and enjoy the same conditions, they soon form large comfortable-looking clumps.

Another good plant, *Hibiscus trionum*, the 'Venice Mallow' of Elizabethan gardeners, has been absent so long from our gardens that I should not mention it here if its name had not appeared recently in one or two seed catalogues. It suggests a slender and very refined Hollyhock, with flowers in clear sulphur yellow set off by an eye of metallic, purplish black, which proceed from large inflated buds like pale green Chinese lanterns. Though it is reckoned a tender annual, it will sow itself in light soils, and does so in hot countries so

freely that it has become at home everywhere in the tropics and its country of origin is unknown.

Some plants have fallen out of favour not on their own account, but because they have been dragged down by bad companions. The annual blue Lobelia is one of these, for it was so long associated in public with the yellow Calceolaria that it has never managed to live down the effect of this unnatural and deplorable liaison; but plant it in the shade, in wide irregular ribbons or broad patches, and you will see how beautiful its steely blue can be and how water-like in effect. There is still a place in the garden even for the Calceolarias, especially for the large, pouchy ones, in which the old florists induced a well ordered and deliberate fantasticality such as we admire in the modern ballet. These look well, not in the soldier-and-sailor company of scarlet Geraniums and Lobelia, but lolling out of a stone vase or alabaster jar, and they set off admirably the austere lines of the most modern architecture.

Lobelia and Calceolaria were used for carpet bedding, and they have been discarded, apparently on the assumption that



Tradescantia virginica

Drawing by John Nash

they can play no other part; and there are other plants which have been allocated, less obviously but just as arbitrarily, to one particular sphere or category, with the result that their full merits are not appreciated. Rue, for example, is labelled a herb and, if it is grown at all, is to be found in the herb garden, where, since it is far too acrid to be used in the kitchen, and its virtue in keeping off asps, cockatoes and basilisks is seldom called for, it is surely in the wrong box—unless the herb garden is merely a sentimental gesture, like an imitation antique sundial. But the plant deserves to be recalled from this obscurity for the intricate beauty of its grey, scalloped foliage, which makes such a good background for yellow or pure pink flowers, either as a group in the flower border or as a low hedge. There is a variety of it with white variegation, but it is not, I think, nearly so handsome as the type. Fennel is another old plant which usually grows unappreciated in the herb garden, though it provides a delightful, rather marine flavouring for soups and salads; it is as handsome as it is useful and deserves to be promoted to the flower garden, where it makes a noble specimen plant, beginning with a curious design of glaucous spathes and bright green brushes, developing into a fountain of green spray and finally towering up five or six feet on the delicate columns of its flowering stems. There are two forms of the common Fennel (*Foeniculum vulgare*), a brown one, which is particularly striking for the contrasts of its early stages, and the type, which is the greenest plant that grows; both of them will flourish anywhere, and for light, warm soils there is a choice of Fennels from North Africa and South Eastern Europe, most of which come botanically under *Ferula*.

A last old plant, whose recall seems due, is the *Phyllocactus*; its home is on the rotting tree trunks of shady South American forests, but it seems to flourish even better in the draught-proof front parlours of country cottages on a diet of cold tea under the knowing care of old ladies. Its flat, leathery stems look more like fronds of seaweed than the body of a cactus, but it reveals its family by producing great water lily flowers, which appear with the sudden, incongruous beauty of a transformation in a fairy tale. The hybridists on the Continent have increased the size of the flowers and given them a range from pure white, through creamy yellow and rose pink, to orange vermillion and glowing magenta crimson, and as the flowering season begins with some varieties soon after Christmas and continues with others till late in spring, the *Phyllocactus* and its hybrids are very desirable plants for the house, especially since they look even better in the setting of modern interior decoration than against a background of antimacassars and carved mahogany.

Those who are spending their holidays in the country may find some genuine and desirable antique flowers in cottage windows and front gardens (the garden of the vicarage is also



Hibiscus trionum

Drawing by John Nash

sometimes a museum of floral antiquities), and they may have the good fortune of being able to recall to general cultivation some good old plant 'that we have loved long since but lost awhile'.

The Improvement of Grassland

THE average reader could be excused if he passed without a second glance a publication entitled *Welsh Plant Breeding Station. An account of the Organisation and Work of the Station from its Foundation in April, 1919, to July, 1933*. But this account of his Station, by Professor Stapledon, is one that can be strongly recommended to the intelligent layman; the author's scientific colleagues will read it in any case, for they already know his work and his writings. The book is a fascinating review of fourteen years of progress in what was an almost unexplored branch of agricultural research. It is written in such a way that the workings of the scientific mind—its methodical sapping forward from one experiment to the next, its flashes of intuition, and its power to disregard side issues, no matter how attractive—are clearly illustrated by examples from the work of the Station.

The investigations deal almost entirely with the improvement of grassland. Of all countries, Britain possesses the best climatic conditions for the production of grass—both for pastures and meadow-land for hay. It is possibly because Nature, unaided, produces a reasonable sward, that far less attention has been given by scientists—and farmers too, for that matter—to our grassland than to the improvement and manuring of arable crops. Professor Stapledon and his colleagues have restored the balance. They have shown how poor or indifferent grass can be much improved, and have successfully tackled the equally important and vastly more difficult problem of transforming good into excellent.

Broadly speaking, the whole gamut of grassland problems

fall into two groups: one is the production of improved strains and varieties of the numerous herbage plants that together constitute grassland, and the second is the management of the sward. For the study of the first group of problems, the new science of genetics is essential, but it must be accompanied by an alert appreciation of the numerous practical issues involved, if real progress is to be made. Examples are given of the wide ranges of technique employed to suit particular problems: the study of perennial rye grass and red clover is demanding close adherence to the genetical viewpoint coupled with elaborate experimental methods; but in the work on cocksfoot, where the immediate aim is to secure improved strains that will breed reasonably true, much of genetical interest is deliberately disregarded. One detail of the experimental work on red clover is of general interest. Inter-pollination is effected within bee-proof chambers by bees of suitable species which are secured from a delphinium decoy maintained near the hybridisation house. But before they are introduced into the chambers they are washed; any red clover pollen they may be already carrying readily absorbs water and bursts. After being dried, the bees are transferred to the chambers, and effect the reciprocal pollinations of the experimental plants without any risk of contamination from extraneous pollen.

Space will not allow any discussion of the numerous problems of sward management dealt with in the book, but it is specially interesting to note that the work of improving rough and hill grazings is now, thanks to a generous benefactor, to be appreciably extended.

B. A. KEEN

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns.

Rock Gardening Without Rocks

After reading one of the 'principal contents' in your issue of August 30, I at first suspected, in the article by Jason Hill on 'Rock Gardening Without Rocks', a feeble attempt at being humorous. Upon further examination I was reluctantly compelled to the conclusion that it was at least meant to be a serious contribution to the (sometimes very curious) advice on gardening that emanates from Broadcasting House. As a subject Rock Gardening or any other phase of horticultural effort may be unimportant, although the hundreds of thousands of gardeners, amateur and professional, amongst your subscribers, undoubtedly think otherwise. Certainly every reader with the most elementary knowledge of the subject will regard Mr. Hill's ludicrous effort with scornful amazement.

There is an influential Alpine Gardening Society amongst whose members several hundreds could be found who could give informative advice of real value, instead of the silly vapourings of Mr. Hill. For many years there has been a strenuous and consistent movement against the very absurdities he now proclaims as desirable. In this movement the resources and energies of the largest Royal Society in the world, the Royal Horticultural Society, and a number of smaller specialist societies, have been brought into action, and in combination with them every prominent journal dealing with horticulture and country life have taken part. I doubt if there is a single editor of an intelligently managed publication in the country who would have accepted this diatribe and printed it, even if it was time to go to Press and there was a column to fill.

Unfortunately much of the advice given in the article is not only silly but false and dangerous. So far as the absurdities are concerned one example will suffice. Read the paragraph about large lumps of flint sunk in a gravelly soil, some peat moss and leaf mould, two dwarf willows, Arctic Bramble (a new plant to me), a patch of Saxifrage, a few large shells giving an impression of the 'wind-swept Arctic'. Mr. Hill admits that he 'does not think flints occur in the Arctic' and he might have added that scarcely any of the other materials he mentions are to be found there—indeed leaf mould from the wind-swept Arctic is really the 'frozen limit', but he tells us that if we use it, 'we shall have unexpected harmony of design'. Amongst large shells, ammonite, block crystal, broken garden ornaments and coral, we shall be able to grow 'Cypripediums if we are lucky and careful'. He need not have introduced the word 'careful', and only the grower of Alpine plants knows how lucky he would have to be to maintain life in Cypripediums, or indeed any of the other plants he mentions, under such conditions for a week.

It is really difficult to avoid trying to be humorous at Mr. Hill's expense, but I do in all sincerity and with honest purpose suggest that you do not bring to ridicule your vast potentialities for invaluable public service.

Tunbridge Wells

GEORGE DILLISTONE
Garden Architect

[We have sent the above letter to Mr. Hill, who replies:

Mr. Dillistone appears to dislike very much the various styles of rock gardening described in the article, 'Rock Gardening Without Rocks', but I am afraid that he cannot console himself with the belief that they are not practical, for I have tried them all and the plants have flourished. He has, I think, been carried away by indignation, for, though he says that he does not know the Arctic Bramble (I am surprised at this), he assures us that it would not live 'under such conditions for a week'; but it has been doing so for five years.

Architecture has been the scene of some considerable changes of taste during the last few years, and changes may therefore be expected in 'garden architecture'; they may or may not take any of the lines suggested in my article, but the professional designer would do well, I think, to be prepared for change of some kind.

I hope that Mr. Dillistone will not 'avoid trying to be humorous at Mr. Hill's expense', for perseverance may be rewarded.]

Weather Forecasting

I have read with considerable interest Mr. G. A. Clarke's article on weather forecasting, and I must offer my thanks for such a succinct outline of modern meteorological practice. While not attempting to criticise Mr. Clarke's remarks or to invalidate any of his conclusions, there is one point that I should like to raise. I refer to the question of upper-air temperature.

For local short-range forecasting, I am of the opinion that readings of the upper-air temperature are indispensable. Inference from cloud-formation, which, *au fond*, is the most fertile ground of amateur meteorology, may be profoundly

modified by a knowledge of the thermometric readings in the neighbourhood of the clouds. An example may be taken from Mr. Clarke's illustration of castellated-cumulus—"a preliminary to thunderstorms". Warm up-currents in the immediate vicinity of the normal cumulus cloud cause the castle to be thrown up, a centre of high humidity which in time reaches the upper air. Two phenomena may now eventuate. Firstly, if the air is sufficiently cold, condensation will occur and we have our predicted thunderstorm. Secondly, if the air is sufficiently warm, the top of the castle will 'boil off', have a vague outline, easily distinguished from the determined clarity of the condensing cloud, and no rain will precipitate. This phenomenon was frequent in May and June of this year. The horizon was ringed with the most perfect castellated clouds but no rain fell, and there was little if any electrical disturbance. Temperature-gradients in the upper-air may cause precipitated moisture to be re-vapourised, the effect being fairly frequent in England during the summer time. Small high clouds precipitate rain which, after falling some distance, is caused by rising temperature to form another cloud, the process often being repeated. I have observed as many as five clouds, one below the other in this way; a grey curtain of rain, losing intensity with height, between each.

Mr. Clarke explained that the official forecasts referred necessarily to areas of rather wide extent and were, in some cases, of limited use when untempered by local observation—to the man who wants to know whether he shall take a waterproof to the office, for instance, or to the farmer who is in two minds about getting the hay in. The two examples above give, perhaps, some idea how knowledge of the upper-air temperature, whether gained empirically or by inference, can help us in this respect.

Kensington

W. E. HOARE

Wireless a Hundred Years Ago?

By permission of the Dean of St. Asaph I send you the enclosed copy of a letter which was recently found amongst certain books and manuscripts in the Cathedral here. The fourth paragraph is interesting in these days of wireless: it may be worth while adding that the writer of the letter, Sir Thomas Henry Browne, K.C.H., who attained distinction in the Peninsular Wars, was the elder brother of Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans, the poetess, who at one time lived in St. Asaph. Who the Mr. Cross referred to is I do not know, but possibly he might be traced, if necessary, by reference to the Bridgewater Treatises published about the date of the letter.

St. Asaph

HARRY M. CLEAVER

Bronwylfa. 5th Octr. 1836.

John Lloyd Wynne Esq.
Coed Coch,
Abergele.

My dear Mr. Wynne,

Will you kindly arrange for me, as you did last year, and the year before, with your Tenant who has the good Potatoes, that he, or such other of them as may have the best, should send me 12 Hobbits (they say the Measure is extinct by Law, but I like the old hobbit notwithstanding) when he gets them up.

I passed a delightful day yesterday with Dr. Buckland and Sir Philip Egerton, who came to reconnoitre the Cefn Cave.

They found an immense quantity of Elephants' Bones, with those of Rhinoceros, and many other Beasts now unknown to our Climates—and appeared to consider the Welsh Cave as one of considerable interest. He was very good natured, and gave us a lecture on his discoveries, which lasted two hours, he is very unaffected, and full of fun and gaiety and answered all the questions which our ignorance suggested with the most patient good humor.

He could only remain one day and went away this morning on a visit to that celebrated Mr. Cross who has brought the thunder and lightning into a room in his house (where it is to be seen and heard almost every day in the year) by means of Wire attached from Tree to Tree to the Top of a high hill near his House. You would have been greatly pleased to have heard this extraordinary Man, who appears to me to live in a very different sort of world from that in which you and I exist.

His work, one of the Bridgewater Treatises, is very interesting but dearer than it ought to have been, £1.15.0. The second volume however has many valuable Plates, which enhances the price.

Pray remember us very kindly to Mrs. Wynne and to John and his Wife, by no means forgetting your little grandchildren.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Wynne

Very sincerely yours,

H. BROWNE

If Mrs. Wynne's sister and her husband are at Coed Coch, pray remember us kindly to her and present our respects to him. We should be very happy to see them here.

My sister begs to add her remembrances to Mrs. Wynne and family.

Sculpture in Wood

I am grateful to Mr. Harkhorn for reminding me of the work of Samuel Watson at Chatsworth. In saying that Grinling Gibbons is the only known name in the craft at that period, I meant that his is the name always popularly associated with the seventeenth century and wood-carving.

It is interesting to find that Watson also carved a point lace cravat, but I hardly think this can be the one attributed to Grinling Gibbons. This latter is reproduced in *Country Life*, October 4, 1913, in a series of articles on late Renaissance wood-work, by H. Avray Tipping. Gibbons impressed his style on his generation so completely that a great deal of work attributed to him can only have come from his workshop. Perhaps Mr. Harkhorn could refer to the cravat illustration, and see if it is the Chatsworth one. Horace Walpole is mentioned as having owned it; and in a later article in his series, Mr. Tipping states that Walpole wrongly thought Watson to have been an assistant of Gibbons.

Chipping Campden

ALEC MILLER

Can Mr. Alec Miller tell us where the 'tools of fantastic curves not segmental' may be seen? I have been carving for over fifty years and have never come across such a weapon. The illustration of the panel from Windsor Castle is printed upside down. Swags don't hang from bows of ribbon upwards! The stall work and the misereres in Ely are early fourteenth century and modern mixed.

Much Hadham

FRANKLYN A. CRALLAN

Modern Art

Some of your readers have referred to such paintings as 'Profile' and 'Femme Assise' as 'this decadent stuff'; yet not one of them has given a reasoned attempt to prove decadence. The statement that one does not like Chianti is not a reason why it is not wine! Will some reader give us reasons why these modern paintings are bad and tell us what is paintable and what is not paintable and why? Mr. Cardew does not like 'Profile' and 'Femme Assise' and is in fear of being 'imposed on'. These are not reasons against 'this modern stuff'. Why do your correspondents condemn without trial because they do not like the face of the accused?

Manchester

ARTHUR C. HILTON

Religion and Art

With reference to Mr. Herbert Read's review of Dr. Anand's book on Hindu Art (in your issue of August 30), and of my introductory essay therein, it is a pity that Mr. Read insists on using the word 'religion' in a sense so narrow as to make it synonymous with 'ecclesiastical'. Surely, Sir, we have got past that. Such a use is neither ancient nor venerable. Why should Mr. Read ally himself with those people who, directly they hear the words 'religion' and 'art', have visions of church furniture and stained glass windows? And how can he bring himself at this time of day to play to that gallery so far as to imply that what a police magistrate must call indecent can never be classified with the 'profoundly religious'? Doubtless there are real differences between Dr. Anand's and my ideas and those of your critic, but we shall never understand these differences or remove them until writers take a little trouble to understand the authors they criticise and refrain from imputing to them ideas which they repudiate.

High Wycombe

ERIC GILL

Public School Religion

To quote from the review of *Public School Religion*, edited by Arnold Lunn, which appeared in THE LISTENER of August 16, under the somewhat grandiose title of 'The Turning Tide'—'More than 80 per cent. of Stonyhurst boys are practising their religion. More than 80 per cent. of Old Harrovians have ceased to be communicating members of the Church of England'. We suppose that practising in this case means 'attending mass'. But 'to face the facts'—how does Mr. Lunn arrive at his facts, his percentages? Stonyhurst is one of the very few 'Roman' schools in England copying the lines of the English public school. Harrow is one of many English public schools in England. I am not an old Harrovian, but I am proud to number many old Harrovians among my friends. If any census of the religious lives of old Harrovians has been taken I think that I should have heard of it. Or is this one of the many generalising percentages arrived at to suit the wishes of the guesser?

We still hope that Christians in England do not worry overmuch about 'dogma': they certainly do not think it worth while to 'funk' dogma—Roman or any other brand. 'Nothing succeeds like success' is doubtless true in many departments of life. The next best thing is evidently to label as a 'success' whatever we wish to succeed. So we name this 'The Turning Tide'. If only the two R's—Russia and Rome—would let England alone 'the Tide'—the real Tide—might have a chance of 'turning'.

Wilts

PARSON

Man and Civilisation

'The spiritual order transcends the order of culture', says Mr. Dawson. This deserves analysis. First, what is the spiritual order? Mr. Dawson looks for the answer in the great philosophical history of Augustine which, he asserts, is a mighty statement of the inferiority of the man that taketh a city. Yet, though we may acclaim the triumph of the self-conqueror, we may smile at the argument used. The mystic on Ganges' banks contemplates his navel for two generations, all passion spent, and that, despite his mastery of desire, is the sum total of his achievement. There must be creation as well as conquest.

'The City of God', continues Mr. Dawson, 'is stronger than it appears to be, the city of man is weaker'. Where is the moat between these two cities which Mr. Dawson sees? His is the outlook of the priest, of Aquinas. He devises first the complicated architecture of his Christian city and then fits to it the human spirit, moulded through how many pagan centuries. 'The cities of man are founded in injustice', he says. God knows there is injustice, but in every age have lived men, clumsy and stupid though they may have been, who saw clearly that historical justice which Augustine saw. Troeltsch says of the latter that he had laid stress on the sinfulness of the State but had always recognised the existence of a basis of natural law. Rome accepted a Judaic symbol and made of it a dogmatic system, complete and perfect and inhuman. We are not dealing with such a world but with a world of natural organisms, which have to steal a living from nature or perish. So we have to impose on other men and on ourselves a system of justice, rough and uncertain, but at least a system which will work. Perhaps men, after long centuries of the old Roman justicia, would have sought higher things and been justified in their questing by the discovery of a City, but, instead of this, they hastened madly into the desert, mapless, seeking a sign, and the reward of their seeking was nakedness.

Blundellsands

A. S. MOUNTFIELD

Memoirs of the Unemployed

Three weeks ago you were kind enough to allow space in your columns for a short letter in which we expressed a desire to get in touch with contributors to 'Memoirs of the Unemployed' and others interested in the question. Judging by the amount of correspondence which we have received from your readers, it will doubtless be of interest to many others to know how this organisation came into being, and the aims and objects which we have in view.

Three months ago an unemployed man inserted an advertisement in a daily newspaper, inviting other unemployed to meet him, with a view to getting together to find a solution to their problems. The response was enormous, and from among those who answered the advertisement a Committee was formed to carry out the original idea of the advertiser. They had no money—no friends in high places—no office facilities: only themselves, and their steadfast resolve to help themselves to better times. Difficulties arose daily, even hourly, and were overcome one by one, until finally a satisfactory scheme was evolved which promises to fulfil the desires of its originators and the unexpressed needs of tens of thousands of unemployed.

Yeomen of Britain is an organisation unique in that it has been started, organised and directed entirely by unemployed men with no outside support, and it is an encouraging sign of our times that so much initiative and enthusiasm can still be found among those whose outlook during recent months and years of unemployment has been so discouraging, and whose hope of ever again becoming useful citizens of the Empire was fast disappearing. A glance through the membership files of the Yeomen of Britain is illuminating, and a talk with some of the members at their headquarters is an eye-opener to people who are not yet fully awake to the devastating effects of unemployment on a very large section of the best of Britain's manhood.

Among the Yeomen are to be found men of all trades and professions, from bank managers and solicitors to artisans and unskilled labourers. They are spread over the whole of Great Britain from Stornoway to Penzance—one and all animated by a single desire, to create a new means of livelihood for themselves, their wives and children. They realise that, since all the efforts of successive Governments to solve the problem have failed, they must rely on themselves, and they are determined that no discouragement shall deter them from pushing on until they succeed in opening a new way to prosperity and life.

Realising the impossibility of industry ever again absorbing more than a meagre proportion of the three million unemployed, to say nothing of the half million young people who leave school each year to swell the ranks of those needing work, the Yeomen of Britain look further afield for their future. To this end they have evolved a scheme of self-contained, self-supporting communities which, they believe, will end, for all time, the soul and body destroying menace of unemployment for those who come into their Settlements.

479 Fulham Road, S.W. 6

G. E. McWHINNIE
Secretary, Yeomen of Britain

It is to be hoped that some of the unemployed will consider the British Association papers on genetics. There is too much moaning about large families from those who have begotten them. Will the British Association Meeting at Leicester in 1933 provide the basis on which human life is to be developed in this world?

Princetown

W. S.-L.

In Defence of the Economist

The attitude of many correspondents to the subject of economics is extremely naïve. They not only expect the Professor of Economics to explain satisfactorily a situation of baffling complexity and international extent—a situation of which the economic aspect is by no means the only one—but they blame the same Professor for not being able to propose a complete cure for humanity's perversity. It is quite obvious from the remarks made about Mr. Dennis Robertson that these critics turn down the professional economist, not because they disagree with his argument—since it is plain that they are unable to understand it—but because they do not like it. They do not appear to realise that to reject an economic argument without having acquired the necessary critical equipment is precisely on a par with criticising the differential calculus without having first acquired a sound knowledge of mathematics. It will be said that I am presuming this lack of understanding. But the positive proof of their ignorance is demonstrated by their attitude to Major Douglas' Social Credit proposals. They not only accept these proposals as the last word in economic profundity—presumably because the conclusions appear so happily to coincide with the critics' own superficial diagnosis of the current trouble—but they accept the Social Credit advocates' assertion that these proposals have never been refuted, when the truth is that they have been refuted *ad nauseam*. Such refutation is a task not beyond the competence of any second year student of economics. The idea that this particular diagnosis is new is also without foundation. It is served up in a new dress during every crisis, and the shortage of purchasing power theory was exposed as long ago as 1691 by Sir Dudley North in his *Discourses upon Trade*.

If the B.B.C. is to give currency to 'stunt' proposals in any sphere, where is it going to draw the line? For, especially in times of rapid change, there is a steady demand for such proposals and the supply never fails to materialise.

Shoreham-by-Sea . . . G. W. SLADDEN

Modern Poetry

Mr. H. S. Davies' courteous rejoinder to my perhaps not too courteous outburst induces me to offer still a few words, which apply, I think, to modern criticism generally of all kinds of art, painting, architecture, poetry. The modern experiments seem to me extraordinarily interesting, exciting, full of vitality in their determination to avoid at all cost mere imitation, not to be dominated by any authority, however great. What 'puts us off'—us of the older generations—is the continual disparagement, expressed or implied, of past achievement, especially of everything Victorian.

Every new generation is a dwarf on the shoulders of a giant, and every new generation tends to forget the giant; to attribute its clearer vision to its own genius rather than to the superior elevation it, by no merit of its own, enjoys. The present generation—and I am a Nestor who has lived through more than one—seems to me particularly prone to this sort of inadvertence. To me distinctions of new and old, ancient and modern, Victorian and Georgian, seem altogether futile: the only distinction that matters is between the permanent and the transitory, and the Victorians, with all their faults—almost because of them—seem to display far more of the permanent elements in art than the present generation has yet shown. Their very exuberance, their prodigality of substance, their too frequent disregard of form, seem to spring from a richer vein, a greater store of vitality than I can discern in the literature of today. I have the greatest sympathy with those who, like Mr. Davies, try with such painstaking care to show us the merits of modern poetry, but I wish they would keep clear of malodorous comparisons.

One word about 'beauty'. No one has ever defined or will ever define it. But I have faith in the Aristotelian method of getting at the meaning of a word from the common

instinctive uses of it. The cricketer talks of a beautiful stroke, the surgeon of a beautiful case, the medical student of a beautiful 'subject', the gourmet of beautiful food. In each case the suggestion seems to be of something perfectly adapted to all the relevant circumstances and conditions. May we not think of ideal beauty as something of which the presence is felt when all circumstances and conditions are consonant with reality, with that undiscovered secret of the universe of which we never get more than glimpses and gleams—gleams that are infinitely precious because they bring us nearer to reality than any conclusions of the rationalising intelligence? Some conceptions of 'beauty' bring it perilously near to mere prettiness.

Oxford

FREDERICK JAMES

Should Music be Seen?

The question of musical appreciation raised in the editorial of THE LISTENER of September 6 is surely a matter of the psychology of concentration of attention and not, as suggested, of 'personal taste'. Since the conditions of concentration are not constant as between different individuals, this may appear to amount to the same thing. But the phrase 'personal taste' seems to remove a problem from the sphere of scientific enquiry, in this case I think unwarrantably.

As regards the presence of large numbers of people, two questions must be carefully distinguished. First, there is the influence of the audience on the performer, which in some cases, and with some types of music, is important, though not always favourable; second, there is the influence of listeners on each other. Listeners may influence one another in ways relevant or irrelevant to the appreciation of the music. The crowd influences which cause applause at the Queen's Hall to reach its maximum volume some quarter of a minute after its commencement are irrelevant to musical appreciation though not to common enjoyment. The crowd influences which cause the Queen's Hall audience to stand in stolid silence during a performance by Constant Lambert are relevant to musical appreciation in a destructive sense. The performance is made easier by their absence.

Beckenham

A. C. SEWTER



'Barge Soliloquy', by Percy Cox

Pictorial Photographic Competition

THE FINAL WEEK of our Photographic Competition brought in one of the largest batches of entries we have yet had, and the standard was a high one. Altogether some 2,500 photographs have been submitted in the course of the competition. Unfortunately, in spite of our warnings, a substantial proportion of these were of the holiday snapshot type, often of subjects with no more than personal interest. Too many competitors were content to send in very small sized prints, not realising the

great handicap such prints inevitably suffer by comparison with enlargements.

The prize this week is divided between the two contributors whose work we reproduce on this and the opposite page, both excellent examples of what the camera can achieve with simple materials. We award *Three Guineas* to Dr. E. G. Boon for his study entitled 'At the Fair—Coppers', and *Two Guineas* to Mr. Percy Cox for 'Barge Soliloquy'.



'At the Fair—Coppers', by E. G. Boon

Short Story

Dunky Fitlow

By A. E. COPPARD

ONE fine day I told this tale to a stranger, and he turned on me, as to say it was not true. Well, well. There must be all sorts of truth in a world, but there is one truth some never seem to lay a hand on, and that is: the truth that is never in themselves. They cannot make a stomach for it. Yet there is a truth of likeness as well as a truth of fact, and many a man has been called a murderer when he only destroyed a villain. I was going on my way to the fair at Asnamorig, and halfway between the goosebridge and the haggard I met this wholesome carpenter and his dog.

Says he: 'Good day.'

I said it was fine.

So down we sit and I tell him the tale.

Had I—then said he—a chew of tobacco?

I had not. I offered him the little pear the girl O'Stancy had given me the night before, a sweet round pear.

'Take it', I said.

And it was then he declared the tale not only was untrue, but it never could be, never would be, true in life or time, and he should not believe it. Well, I didn't want anyone to believe it then; but now, if you read on, you may get used to it and I'll not care whether you believe it or no.

Dunky Fitlow's the name. It is the name of a man not too young, and not too old, and rather huge; nobody else's coat would ever fit him, and he, for sure, could never slip his foot into the throat of another man's shoe; but his life was full of poetry and sleep—rather more of sleep than the other. Sometimes he would only wake up for an hour or two in the week, and then he might say a few marvellous golden words of the poetry, and off to sleep again. Or maybe he would eat like a wolf—and then off to snoring sleep, without any of the poetry. And once in a while you might see him drifting through the fields of summer, watching the corn to grow and talking with old men.

'The song of the oats', he would say, 'is better than the song of the wheat, but the song of barley is a tangle of vipers hissing'.

'It is so', the old men answered, 'but all's one to the thresher'.

'The thresher's arm', he would say, 'flogs raff and grain together, though a sheaf of corn is like a lovely woman'.

'It may be so', the old men answered, 'but all's one in wedlock'.

It was time, everybody said it was time, for him to be thinking of making a marriage. But what woman in her senses would ever seek a match with the like of Dunky Fitlow! He had coaxed them all, the fine, the lovely ones. They said he had no beauty. He courted all the rest, the widows, the crooked, the sour spinsters. They said he was no ways industrious. So there was only the camelfaced woman left then, but her he would not pursue.

'What is the matter with that man?' the camelfaced woman asked when she heard of him.

'There is something astray in his heart', was the answer of one and all.

'Well', said she, 'if the heart is dull in his breast', said she, 'let love unlock it', she said. 'I'll marry him'.

She laid her traps for him, but there was no nice appearance on the woman.

'Bondage is the doom of all, be it life, or love, or labour; wealth, woe, or wickedness. Sleep is deliverance—I'll be free'. So Dunky lay in his snoring sleeps for longer than before, and when waking he was always harder to come at.

But it is a poor fowler that never rejoices in the coy bird. One day, as he was going down from his sleep, Dunky met the camelfaced woman coming up the stairs. He made to go past her, right by, without any small word of greeting.

'Hi! What's this!' cried she.

'What's what?' And Dunky yawned a very great yawn.

'O, you know! Well enough you know!', the camelfaced woman replied.

'I don't know a thing at all about it', said Dunky.

'Ho!' says she. 'You don't, do you!'

'Go on. Keep your distance', Dunky said.

'Where are you going, my little poeteen?' she asked him very tenderly, her eyes looming at him.

'Ah, let go of me!' cried Dunky, quivering like an aspen on a grave.

But she would not let go of him, she never did; and in no time at all it seems they were to be married, and great preparations were made, for she had much wealth and was lavish in her ways.

On the day they were to be wed Fitlow rose up early and went forth to take the bright air. The lake was a bowl of silver in the golden hills, swans were rafting along, and a heron brooded in the reeds like a sentinel at prayer. As he was walking by the lake Dunky spied in the road ahead of him a marvellous blooming of white, all flashing and moving. When he came up to it, there lay a large dewy turf upturned, and on it were scores of butterflies, all white. Dunky's shadow disturbed them for a moment and they fluttered up idly into the air, but soon they settled down on the turf again into one huge lily-bloom, throbbing and alive. He stood admiring it before he went on. He had not gone a score of steps further when he heard a cart behind him, and he looked back.

There was a man in the cart and a woman with him, and they pulled up beside the bloom of the butterflies.

'What are they doing and all?', the woman asked. Her voice was harsh in the pure morning air.

'Breeding', the man replied.

'I don't care to be looking at that', said the woman.

The man sat in his cart, flicking his whip at the butterflies, and every time he struck some of them down the woman laughed. The man said nothing—just flick, flick, flick, in his stern duty, until they were all killed.

Dunky walked on to the church. It was early yet, and the camelfaced woman had not arrived, so he sat down on a bench to rest his bones. When his bride came Dunky was in a snoring sleep, and none could wake him, not bride or priest or people, and they had to leave him there in the church, and he was sleeping for three days. Each day the bride and priest and people came and nudged him, or pulled his nose, or thumped his loins—all lost labour, for nothing could ever rouse Dunky from his fast slumbers. But on the fourth day he rolled over awake, rubbed his eyes, and married the camelfaced woman.

She took him home. 'Early to bed', said the bride, for she was stone weary waiting for him. When Dunky followed her to the bridal chamber the poor woman was already asleep.

'Ah me, ah well', sighed Dunky, 'I was never a one to disturb a woman sleeping'.

Off he dropped again, while the bride slept on, unkissed and curst. Thus it continued between them for many days and nights, each asleep when the other was awake. She was what she was, and he hadn't the heart to flatter her. And then one time Dunky awoke, and there was no one there at all, he was lying cold. Up he got, did on his clothes and went to the room downstairs, but there was no one in. The house was empty, she was gone. There was a bowl of roses on the table, but the dropped rose leaves were lying in a heap all round the bowl—she had been gone a long time, gone for good and all! Then Dunky felt the pinch of loneliness, and he sighed for her. She was gone entirely, and there was no more left for him to do but what he had always done before he had married her: to sleep, to wake, to go into the fields, to talk to the oldish men with their beards and long coats and walking sticks.

'O, this is no life at all', sighed Fitlow, as he passed the time o' day with them. Winter and summer they wore the same long rusty overcoats, their beards were white, and they would doddle hither and yon. Now their eyes drooped as if from too much gazing in the sunlight.

'We have just come out', they said, 'to pass the time away'. And they would count the lambs, or watch the fish cruising about the idle streams. Happen a hare would rove through the paddock of the old windmill. Whenever they saw a man crossing the fields any way off they would peer after him and begin to ruminate: 'Now who be that man? He's going towards the north. I ought to know that man. If I did, I'd know where he be going'.

Or it might be the springtime, when sleep had forsaken him altogether. Daffodils had begun to peer in the gardens, and

bare trees seemed to stretch out their arms to catch something Dunky could not perceive, which only they were aware of. As he walked along he could see, a way off, a tree nobly proportioned and perfect; yet when he got to it he found it was two trees, one behind the other, and neither of them much to look at by themselves.

'O, it is no life at all!' he sighed. 'Time's will is on the wing, and I go lingering on, lingering on.'

The camelfaced woman was done with him; he was not too young, not too old, but there was no enjoyment of him; she was what she was, and he hadn't the strength to flatter her; she was done with him.

Then one day, in the height of summer it was, she was strook down in the glaring sun and perished of a stroke. With half a heart Fitlow went to bury his wife, and when he had buried her and come out of the church he burst into tears and sobbed like a

child. Close by the porch stood a man, a middling sort of man, and when he saw the grief and the true tears of Dunky Fitlow, this man asked:

'What is the poor fellow crying like that for?'

'Hush!', murmured the neighbours, 'he has just come from burying his wife.'

'O, the foolish creature!' said the man. 'Tell him, tell him I'll chop my old wife for his dead one, and pay all expenses I will!'

'Hush, hush! For shame!' cried the neighbours all. And of course the neighbours were angry, but the other did not care.

'Foolish man!' he kept on grinning and roaring, 'I'll chop him, I'll chop him!'

And Dunky was all in black, save one of his shoes laced up with a bit of green cord. The camelfaced woman was dead and gone, unkissed and curst—he, too, he knew it. 'Darling', he whispered; and he was weeping like a child.

Books and Authors

George Moore

A Communication to My Friends. By George Moore. Nonesuch Press. 18s.*

By W. J. TURNER

THE LAST BOOK WHICH GEORGE MOORE wrote, *A Communication to My Friends*, was left incomplete although he was working at it within a few days of his death on January 21 this year. It belongs to that series of personal confidences, gossipings, musings and reflections which George Moore began to write freely late in his life, although his *Confessions of a Young Man* is an earlier example of the kind. It is likely that this will prove the most durable part of his work, for it is hard to believe that he will live as a novelist or dramatist. His plays, 'The Coming of Gabrielle', 'The Apostle', etc., were, except for a few semi-private performances, condemned to remain unknown in print and so we cannot judge of them. It is only literary men devoid of the specific sense of the theatre, and commercial men of the theatre, whose range of appreciation is limited to the understanding of what *has been* successful in their experience, who are reckless enough to judge a play from merely reading it. The test of a play is in the theatre, and judging from the one play of George Moore's which I was fortunate enough to see on the stage—with that admirable actress Athene Seyler as Gabrielle—I can only say that I would rather go again to 'The Coming of Gabrielle' than to the majority of plays which succeed in London. George Moore was deeply interested in the theatre, and he was an active supporter of the Phoenix Society, which for a few seasons after the War gave a series of productions of Elizabethan and Restoration plays which remain in the memory as the most interesting and entertaining theatrical performances of the last fifteen years, but I think the virtue in 'The Coming of Gabrielle' had its origin rather in George Moore's birthright of wit and ingenuity as an Irish writer than in any specific dramatic genius.

Nevertheless George Moore did understand what many men of letters never understand, that a writer is not necessarily a dramatist because he is a novelist, an essayist, or a poet. In his dialogue with Granville-Barker in *Conversations in Ebury Street* he says:

The public accept what the managers give them, and if an author has written books, especially well-written books, if his name, I mean, be connected with literature, the manager begins to sniff danger, for we have no record of successful literary play. Of course we haven't, literature is never literary. And the manager is duped by the highbrow, and the highbrow in turn is duped by the disagreeable: else I should drop, he says, into the commonplace. The literary papers shriek 'Literature At Stake!' but the public heed them not. The manager puts on 'Cocoanut Ice' and gets a run of three hundred nights. 'The Two-Seater' follows and gets a run of four hundred nights. And once more literature is discredited by the 'literary'.

George Moore belongs to a type which is rare in England but plentiful in France. No doubt his Irish origin and his long sojourn in Paris helped to produce this passionate literary craftsman and gourmet of literature. English writers are either men of genius or men of talent for whom writing is the action in which they best express themselves. If they groan and sweat in their travail of production it is as a woman in childbirth, not as a highly conscious intelligence operating a *métier*. One cannot imagine Shakespeare, or Shelley, or Dickens, or even Keats searching weeks-long, like Flaubert, for the one and only word. Fundamental brainwork in Rossetti's meaning of original conception is the sphere of English writers' labour, and we instinctively consider writers like Walter Pater and George Moore who have this uneasy literary conscience as of minor importance, lacking the full measure or potency of the divine fire of the creative artist.

It is for some lack of power I believe that the novels of George Moore will fail to hold a high place in English literature in spite

of their many admirable qualities. Can one believe that future generations will read *Esther Waters*, *A Mummer's Wife*, *A Drama in Muslin*? I hardly think so. They are not powerful creations of a remarkable imagination like the novels of Dickens, and as social documents they pale before the reality of the contemporary material which will be available in the daily Press of their time for the historian or investigator of the future. In *A Communication to My Friends* George Moore relates how he came to London from France when he had written his first novel, *A Modern Lover*, to find a publisher, having learned 'from the French school of novelists, especially from Zola'. At that time the demand for novels exceeded the supply and he had no difficulty in publishing several novels which were successful; culminating in the truly big success of *Esther Waters* which, he tells us, sold 24,000 copies, a very large sale for the 'eighties of last century. Nevertheless he relates a comment of his publisher, Vizetelly, after the publication of *Confessions of a Young Man*. 'I hope your next book will be written with the same gaiety and in the same style as *Confessions*. You will not return to the manner of *A Mummer's Wife*, I hope'. George Moore was irritated by this advice, but Vizetelly showed shrewd insight. George Moore's career as a novelist stopped more than thirty years before his death and his post-War reputation rests upon his series of confessions and gossipings—the three volumes of *Hail and Farewell*, the *Avowals*, the *Conversations in Ebury Street*—and the series of retold tales, *Daphnis and Chloe*, *Héloïse and Abélard* and *The Brook Kerith*. In all of these the literary artist is dominant, but one cannot give to George Moore credit for the substance of the stories he retold, but only for the literary craftsmanship which he exercised upon them. Even this is not as valuable in my opinion as he thought. The essential flimsiness of a purely literary judgment is exposed by his selection in *A Communication to My Friends* of the 'best sentence that I have ever written in my life', a sentence from *Daphnis and Chloe* of complete insignificance. It is a kindred flimsiness which vitiates much of his literary criticism—that, for example, on Thomas Hardy—but nevertheless George Moore had a genuine passion for literature and when he is writing about Balzac or any other he admires he says many fine, penetrating and memorable things. The fundamental stuff of George Moore, however, remains the witty, malicious, observant Irishman who relates like an imp of mischief the oddities of his friends and acquaintances. This may seem to be not saying much considering his enormous reputation, but I have read *Conversations in Ebury Street* at least three times and always I find something new and entertaining in it, and will continue to do so, I feel, in the future. If one considers how few books there are of which one can say as much, the reputation of George Moore may not appear as exaggerated.

Sea Dirge

I was not particularly anxious for marine adventure.
The shore had cast me off. One night,
Moonless, a Hesperus affair, the deluge rose
Licked me, and sucked me down. The maw
Of salt and sand decided on my fate.
I lie below these waves. The consulate
Of death is certain; and I make no protest;
Save that the ribs of galleons are not found,
But skulls and common fish and no romance.

EDGAR FOXALL

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror. Gollancz. 5s.

IN THIS VOLUME a task well worth carrying out in a strictly objective and impartial fashion, is marred by the intrusion of an unnecessary element of propaganda and bias. There must be a large public in this country anxious to learn the truth concerning the startling circumstances surrounding the advent to power of the present regime in Germany. But they will hardly know what to think after reading this volume. It is said to be prepared by an International Committee, but the names of the members of this Committee are not given; and though its president is Albert Einstein, the great scientist can hardly have examined closely the book which is here put out in his name, or he would surely not have approved so unscientific a presentation of the facts. From the start a pronounced pro-Communistic bias is shown, and an equally pronounced prejudice against the Nazis, expressed in such forms as rather childish selection of photographs of the leaders in grotesque attitudes, etc. As a historical account of the Revolution the book is deficient; yet it embodies sufficient detail about certain episodes, such as the burning of the Reichstag, and the persecution of the opposition, as to show how impressive a revelation might have been made had the facts only been left to speak for themselves, and the temptation to gild the lily resisted. A large number of shocking examples of murders of Social Democrats, Communists, and others are listed, with actual names, dates and places given in the German papers; a chapter sums up the repression to which the Jews have been subjected; the concentration camps are described in detail; and evidence is adduced to show that the burning of the Reichstag was undertaken by Nazis under the direction of Captain Goering, using the young Dutchman van Lubbe as their tool. A *prima facie* case is thus made out, but for a final judgment of the question the discerning reader may prefer to wait until the evidence is more complete and both sides of the case have been fairly argued.

Laughter for Pluto. By Francis Watson

Lovat Dickson. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Francis Watson in *Laughter for Pluto* 'distilling the erudition of centuries unearths for our delight the jovial doctor, calling upon us to "recapture the laughter which for various reasons, some of them no doubt very good ones, we have allowed ourselves to lose"'. This we read upon the jacket of the volume. It is, of course, a book about Rabelais. It gives the main outlines of his life, his journeys through France and Italy, the adventures of his heroes Gargantua and Pantagruel with excerpts from their conversations. What delights Mr. Watson, as indeed it should delight anyone who undertakes to write about Rabelais, is the gusto and joy of life that pervades his works, the laughter and ribaldry and hatred of pretence. There is no disguising the robust taste that Rabelais showed in his humour and his stories, a robustness that has become proverbial and was recognised, though not uniformly approved, by the age in which he lived. The intention of the author is to reveal Rabelais to modern readers, not to indulge in criticism nor reconcile inconsistencies. He says, truly enough, 'Rabelais shared the enthusiasms of his time, but his roots are deep. His farce—and his farce is too frequently lost to sight by those who would make him a prophet and an iconoclast—is the traditional farce of the Middle Ages'. His writings will always be somewhat of a riddle, but to seek in them systematic, or consistent, teaching is wholly to mistake their purpose. It seems a pity that bitterness, a lack of understanding and judgment, should creep into the author's references to religion and morality. He would claim for Rabelaisian comment the largest and most tolerant acceptance, but betrays a narrow and (dare we say?) ignorant prejudice and misunderstanding himself. Ignorance and prejudice remain ignorance and prejudice under whatever banner they march. One would like best to remember Rabelais as the wise and cheerful doctor, 'aiming at one Point, that is, to rejoice him (the patient) without offending God, and in no ways whatsoever to vex or displease him'. Or as portrayed in Du Bellay's epitaph, 'I practise the art of healing; but the art of arousing laughter was my only care. Then shed no tears, wayfarer, but, if you wish to please my shade, laugh'.

The Dictatorship of Things. By Geoffrey Sainsbury Methuen. 5s.

There can be few things more futile than amateur philosophising, but amateur philosophising about the necessity of engineering and the beauty of shipbuilding—so 'strait, steely and inexorable'—when all it can do is to talk about it, is perhaps the most futile occupation of all. Mr. Sainsbury has one idea, which is best described by the publisher on the jacket of the book; it is that 'present political problems are approached from too human an angle, that in this, the machine age, we need the technical approach'. But the thesis is very ill-argued; indeed, it can

hardly be said to be argued at all. Reasoning is far from the mind of this would-be philosopher. Most of the writing is of the nature of assertion, and reads like this: 'Man, the marvel of the ages, for whom the world was once created, finishes as Humpty-Dumpty. He has a very, very great fall. And, not to speak of the king's horses and men, one thing is quite certain: he will never put himself together again'. Or this: 'About the same time Maine's *Ancient Law* deprived man of the sacredness of his legal institutions'. Or this gem: 'Individuals there will always be, and so individuality'. Or, 'If we have no longer the faith to move mountains we have rock-borers and dynamite to remove them if we will' (brave man!). But when we come to the following: 'An old saying has it: *There is nothing the Navy cannot do*'. Even the politicians will admit that that is a good motto for a fighting service. But could we apply it to our politicians? Oh, no! Quite the contrary. *There is nothing which the politician cannot excuse himself from doing*: that is the mentality of Westminster'; when we come to this genial dictum, our impulse is to ask, since the author knows nothing of the subject-matter about which he is supposed to be writing, namely politics, why he does not go into the Navy, or back into it? He might reply, since he lays claim to the title, that he is a writer. But writing has its technique, and its qualifications, no less than engineering.

There is one good thing in the book, and that is a quotation from Chamfort: '*Peu de personnes et peu de choses m'intéressent, mais rien ne m'intéresse moins que moi. En vivant et en voyant les hommes il faut que le cœur se brise ou se bronde*'. 'So must the heart be bronzed?' comments Mr. Sainsbury. 'Then let it be. What does it matter after all?' What indeed? we might well ask; but his comment may be neglected. For this remarkable quotation sums up the theme of the book, and at the same time destroys it. Anyone with any perception would see that Chamfort's pretended indifference was just an emotional reaction; which is all that this book is. It is the product of a reaction against human beings which one can understand, but it would be more reasonable not to give way to it. For what is the purpose for which things are to be used, or indeed who is to use them, if not human beings? To conclude a book by saying, 'Let us debunk humanity itself—and then let's rebuild London', may be very tart, but it is very silly. For what is the purpose of rebuilding London, except in relation to the human beings who inhabit it? Indeed, Mr. Sainsbury ought to go and read his Aristotle—though it does not need Aristotle to tell him that much; even a little commonsense should be enough.

Young China and New Japan

By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

Mrs. Chesterton was bold indeed to essay such a book as this on a trip so comparatively brief. But she has come triumphantly through: she has the right type of mind for this sort of investigation. She has nobly resisted temptations which beset the ordinary traveller: she has written neither a pretty-pretty travel-book nor a stodgy thesis. She wanted to find out for herself the truth about the perilous situation in the Far East and so she went to see things as they are. To be sure, she had her own ideas on the subject beforehand, but if these proved to be wrong she was open to conviction. An excellent conversationalist, she lost no opportunity of discussing, with everybody who could be got to talk, the situation in the Far East and its possible effect on the future development of national policies. By way of Malaya which, though nominally mainly British, is more Chinese, commercially, than people at home realise, Mrs. Chesterton reached China and Japan. With a light touch and most friendly consideration we are introduced to fellow-passengers on board and important people on shore until we come to Hongkong and Shanghai to begin our more serious studies.

Most appropriately the author devotes an entire chapter to a discussion of the 'Shanghai Mind', which is but one stage removed from the utter impermeability of the European mind in Asiatic matters. Here is a city, tremendously important in world affairs by reason of the mighty volume of international traffic passing through it, which is, although basically Chinese, regarded by citizens of European Powers as if it were indeed part of their own Empires. The International Settlement is all the Shanghai that matters to these people, and even that small area is tinted with national colourings according to the point of view. These people say 'You cannot judge things properly till you have lived here', and if we tell them that they are not living in China but in their own little artificial world, they get annoyed with us. But they know nothing of China and Chinese affairs beyond a few miles' radius of their offices and bungalows:

Our host and hostess, pleasant and quite wealthy people, had been resident some time in Shanghai, but except for boating excursions

sions up the Yangtze they did not know the country beyond. They were surprised by my eagerness to understand first what was happening—whether the boycott would continue, if the Japs (*sic*) were likely to invade North China; but they were not interested. Trade prospects fill the bill.

How often have residents abroad wasted all their glorious opportunities for gaining unrivalled knowledge because *they were not interested!*

Mrs. Chesterton gives the inside story of the Chapei incident which ended in the destruction of a densely-populated, prosperous district, and many sad pages detail the aftermath of this blight of sudden death. Mrs. Chesterton met and talked with all kinds of people but the truth alone remains when all is said. Afterwards comes Nanking, the Southern Capital, a city full of schools and universities, of budding Presidents and embryo rulers. Nanking has known trouble for centuries but her inner peace is still inviolate. Even the multitudinous devils of China find no hold in this ancient city—they are driven out to wander along the tortuous wonderful length of the Yang-tse-kiang—the river which is the Child of the Sun, whose bordering provinces ‘burn with a white-hot flame of terror and unspeakable fidelity’. Thence to Hankow, and on to Peking—‘the Well-Beloved’, which stoutly refuses to be Peiping.

None should fail to read the compelling chapter on ‘Free Women of China—Child Slaves of Hongkong’. This, taken with Chapter XX, ‘The Way of Japan with a Maid’, will do more to interpret the Far East to the West than volumes of economic comparisons. The author has used a well-developed critical faculty to the full and it is hardly surprising that she should be struck by the inquisitorial atmosphere closely surrounding all foreign visitors to Japan, after ‘the warm kindness of China’.

In place of the ready greeting of China we experienced furtive looks and swift evasions. English is understood but little by the common people, and their mentality is too slow-moving to respond quickly to signs. . . . But Japan rules by fear. The political oppression of the people is extreme. The mildest discussion on Communism is punished by imprisonment, as an attempt to overthrow the Constitution!

Forty-five excellent photographs illustrate the book and there is a clear sketch-map. The general reader will be fascinated by the work and his interest will go hand-in-hand with instruction.

Infra-Red Photography. By S. O. Rawling

Blackie. 3s. 6d.

This 1933 publication is a small ‘technique’ volume of a series by Blackie and Son. The introduction calls attention, beyond the ordinary well-known constituents of white light (violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red), to the two invisible kinds of radiation, the ultra-violet and the infra-red. It is the latter which is the subject of this book, especially in reference to research in photography. To understand the lines and effects of this research it is necessary to have the aid of the 28 illustrations which so clearly assist the ordinary reader. The treatment of the photographic plates is an important method, clearly stated, and shows the detail of the effects of the true infra-red sensitizers, while details are given of important hypersensitising solutions. The main, and very clear and get-at-able, chapter is that on the methods and applications of this infra-red photography. This sets out matters of lenses, plates, exposure, conditions of work in various kinds of weather, etc., with full page plates of detailed illustrations. One infra-red photograph shows up a piece of writing that is under thick obliteration markings; another is a picture taken at a height of 23,000 feet, with, in the background, an object over 300 miles from the camera; another shows the triumph of piercing a mist in a landscape and revealing a perfectly clear picture of the mist-covered objects. There is shown in a further illustration a run of varicose veins beneath the surface of the skin of a leg. Such is this main illustrative instructive chapter. Dr. Rawling, the author, is the expert in charge of the Research Laboratories at Ilford, Essex.

Evangelical Influence in English Life

By James Theodore Inskip. Macmillan. 5s.

The lectures published in this book were delivered by Dr. Inskip, Bishop of Barking, in the Church of St. Margaret Lothbury as the Golden Lectures for 1932-1933.

Dr. Inskip goes back further than his title would suggest. In expounding the essentials of the Evangelical message he traces them to the Bible, and shows how they are based on scriptural teaching with regard to the Cross of Christ, Faith, the Holy Spirit, the Church, the Ministry, and the Sacraments. Briefly, but effectively, he supports the evangelical view of the two last named by apt quotations from Professor Hort, and Bishops Lightfoot, Westcott, and Headlam.

After this preliminary survey of Evangelical principles Dr. Inskip starts a rapid sketch of English history, beginning with John Wycliffe, ‘precursor of the Reformation’, and in three

short chapters reaches the Evangelical revival of the eighteenth century. The famous stand made by the Seven Bishops in 1688 had given the Church of England a new hold on the people’s affection; but their successors failed to take the lead they might have taken on moral and social questions, and by the middle of the next century the need for a revival of religion was urgent and obvious. The revival came through the Evangelical movement associated with such names as those of John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, William Grimshaw, Vicar of Haworth, John Berridge, John Newton the friend of William Cowper, and Henry Venn, Vicar of Huddersfield. Of all these and several others Dr. Inskip has something interesting to say; and then he comes to William Wilberforce and Antony Ashley Cooper, the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. Here his account becomes positively inspiring, and he is able to give an answer to the charge that the Evangelicals neglected the corporate side of religious life. ‘The Bible knows nothing’, said John Wesley, ‘of a solitary religion’. Stranger still is the charge that the Evangelical School failed in the education and development of character. Wilberforce and Shaftesbury are most striking examples to the contrary: to say nothing of the great evangelical missionaries, Henry Martyn, James Harrington, and all the rest. Dr. Inskip is very happy in his numerous quotations, and his reasonableness and his appreciation of schools of thought other than his own not only make his little book attractive reading, but are full of promise for the future of the Evangelical contribution to the life of the Church of England.

Social Development in Young Children

By Susan Isaacs. Routledge. 15s.

This book is a complement and sequel to Mrs. Isaacs’ *Intellectual Growth in Young Children*, which appeared two years ago, and, like its predecessor, is an important contribution to the psychology of childhood.

It belongs to that category of books which may justly be termed landmarks in their own field. Like the previous volume, it is the result of observations on the pupils of an experimental school which was started in Cambridge, known as the Malting House School, which now is no more. The first part of the book consists of the actual sayings and doings of the children, and of the conclusions drawn from these observations and from other psychological data such as letters from parents. Both sections are again divided into ‘social relations’ and ‘sources of love and hate’.

One criticism or possible surmise on the part of some readers will be as to how such profound emotions as love and hate are going to be derived from the words and actions of the children, which are grouped under these headings. Especially if a perusal of the text is first undertaken, one might be led to expect somewhat startling manifestations, in fantasy or reality, of early sexuality; but there is little beyond what is familiar in the less elegant conversation of any group of children. Mrs. Isaacs has wisely foreseen and forestalled such criticism by giving reasons why such records of overt behaviour and action must necessarily be fragmentary, and why these deeper sources can only be uncovered by the actual process of child-analysis. It still remains, however, that only to the complete Freudian will the connection between any such data and the hypotheses to which they are linked seem convincing.

These possible objections do not, however, obviate the fact that Mrs. Isaacs’ practical conclusions as to the training of children, and the functions of the educator, are admirably clear and convincing. One feels that here are tangible reasons for what is right or wrong in the matter of infant hygiene. There is, for example, a useful correction given to the over-simplified and behaviouristic methods commonly taught with regard to feeding and management in infancy—methods which tend to forget that even infants have a mental life as well as an appetite. Notable, too, is the warning that complete freedom in education is based on false premises, and that educators must not mix psycho-analysis with their teaching, valuable as a background of it may be.

The practical conclusions occupy only a few pages, though labelled Part II of the whole work, but for these alone the book is worth getting and keeping.

Brahms. By Ralph Hill. Denis Archer. 5s.

It is a common fault of biography that it seeks to reconcile a life with a life’s work, whereas, more often than not, they have only this in relation, that one condones where it does not actually contradict the other without in the least explaining it. So that while Brahms’ life is so void of all excursions to either side of the normal that almost his every action seems a pettiness or a petulance, his music is a packed chronicle of adventure in fields through which it would appear he had never passed either in fact or in retrospect. His work can no more be explained by the emotional incidents of his life than can the work of Benvenuto Cellini, François Villon or William Shakespeare. But Ralph Hill, in his life of Brahms, has proved that an unadventurous life need not, in the recital, be a dull one. It is

bound to be, however, on a low level of incident, and the multitude of little mounds take on a fictitious importance which at first eludes the reader, until, having scanned the years in an evening's survey, he sees them to be actually little more than the gentle undulations of a comparatively flat landscape. Yet a working knowledge of Brahms in relation to his times and his contemporaries is a necessity of musical history, even though appreciation of his music does not rest upon it, and of all the books about Brahms, apart from the analytical studies of his music, this one of Ralph Hill's is, considering its restricted length, one of the most coherent in structure and one of the most readable. He has adopted the bold, but very effective, plan of quoting liberally from letters, contemporary documents and other available material, and his selection of such quotations has been made with discretion, economy and point. He has in fact submitted the evidence, and his case is consequently presented with this advantage to the reader that he can form his own judgment without reference to an intruding bias.

The greater part of the book is concerned with the composer's life; only in the concluding chapter, 'Brahms the Composer', does the author deal with his achievements, and then only to offer reasons for his confessed admiration of what Brahms' immediate posterity has already agreed is, indeed, admirable.

Wakefield in the Seventeenth Century

By S. H. Waters. Sanderson and Clayton. 5s.

More local history, and that of quite the right sort. Mr. Waters is a master at Wakefield Grammar School, and schoolmasters who can make the time to write local history are, generally speaking, well qualified for the task. Under the guidance of Professors at the University of Leeds he has carefully examined the right kinds of local records, original and not yet printed, and given us a trustworthy story of the local government, institutions and social conditions of Wakefield from 1550 to 1710.

Who will profit? Both general readers at Wakefield and elsewhere, who will enjoy his entertaining pages simply as giving a fuller meaning to life in the city, and specialist workers on the social history of the period. Wakefield, mentioned in Domesday as the seat of a manor belonging to the King, is a ganglion centre of six roads, and owing to its geographical position became in the Middle Ages a busy market town; it is now the administrative capital of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Old Leland found it in 1538 twice as large as Leeds and Bradford, described its parish church and 'faire bridge (over the Calder) of stone, of 9 arches' with its chantry chapel, and was well pleased that 'a right honest man shall fare well for 2 pens a meale'. The subject-matter of these interesting chapters is the local government of Wakefield manor and town, the Justices of the Peace, and the maintenance of the peace, poor relief, highways, bridges and transport, religion and education (including a history of the Grammar School), rates, taxes, etc., industries, trades and markets, the Plague (especially in 1625 and 1645), and alehouses and amusements. There is a good deal of fun in all this. The good folk of Wakefield seem to have kept themselves merry during the years of Puritan control with cock-fighting, stag-hunting, and horse and foot racing. The agricultural system still rested to a great extent on a communal basis. Cattle straying from the common pasture are continually being impounded by the Pinder in the pinfold, and owners are always 'breaking the pinfold', that is, rescuing the cattle without paying the fee of 4d. Scenes occur. The enclosing of fields was just beginning: cattle break into cornfields through defective hedges. Tenants of arable land having a proportional right to graze cattle on the common fields often abuse it by 'surcharging the common'—a ten-shilling offence. For failure to keep down weeds an offender is amerced 1s. 6d. Men made amazing uses of the so-called highways. Offences quoted serve to remind us that the open field and communal system of agriculture had its inconveniences.

One Purney, a Poet

The Works of Thomas Purney. Edited by H. O. White. Basil Blackwell. 5s.

Reviewed by EDMUND BLUNDEN

POETRY MAY BE one of the less remunerative kinds of literature, but its rewards are sometimes very strange and in a manner beautiful. The instance of Thomas Purney, who wrote just over two hundred years since, is before us, and becomes itself a poem. You have the romantic youth dreaming of the Golden Age in innocent verses, the man doomed for his livelihood to desert his fancy, an early death and apparent oblivion; and then, after centuries, you see the arrival of one who perceives, honours and reveals the seemingly lost poet. Some of us were expecting from Mr. White, indeed, discoveries relating to a poet not far off from Purney's period though high above him in intellectual powers—William Collins. But there is always time for Collins; he does not lack followers; whereas if Mr. White had not paid his tribute to Purney, that mild spirit might have gone for ever disregarded.

In Purney is presented a curious example of the contest between artistic hopes and practical needs. His short life is like a text for a Matthew Arnold poem. He comes into view, about the year 1715, as a happy boy, whose world is all green pastures, pleasant books, poetical adventures. A little while later he gets 'J. Brown, at the Black Swan without Temple-Bar, and R. Burleigh, in Amen-Corner' to set before the inattentive world a pamphlet of 'Pastorals'. But Purney must eat, and to do this with reasonable regularity he becomes a prison chaplain. The Ordinary of Newgate has not much time for pastorals; his black sheep inspire him only to prose, in which he writes three-half-penny tracts about famous cut-throats and their last speeches. At length illness cuts off this source of income, and Purney resigns, departing somewhere into the country. Probably he soon minglest his dust with the country churchyard; at all events there are no more pastorals, nor essays on poetry and drama.

At the time when Purney was an undergraduate at Cambridge there was a considerable taste in England for pastoral poetry; for that dream which has haunted the race since meadows were meadows, that 'murmur of a happy Pan'. Pope, Philips, Parnell and Gay were welcomed in this Arcadian mood; Spenser was edited and hailed as the British master of this flowery illusion. In Gay, however, illusion was less prominent than plain country chronicles; and Purney, when he contributed his scarcely noticed items to the tradition, was inclined to resemble Gay. He too fabricated an unreal dialect for his pastorals, and yet made it the medium for rural life as he knew it. Purney in his early days was a capital countryman. 'The pastorals', says Mr. White, 'are full of minute observation'; yet, as our editor also observes, the spirit of Purney's country life is not like Gay's.

With Purney we see—what Gay might perhaps have meant in

his term 'insipid delicacy'—a gentle, delightful peasantry in surroundings such as belong to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. I do not imply that this little volume of revived pastorals is anything of prodigious accomplishment or importance; and Mr. White himself insists on keeping Purney in his very modest place. Never was there a less judicious poet, or one less capable of separating his especial fineness from trivial tricks and irrelevant business. It is exceedingly difficult to quote anything from Purney; his ridiculous patchwork of archaisms genuine and bogus, with real or alleged dialectal phrases, is nearly always in the way. And in spite of this confusion Purney was a poet, and like a fragrance of orchards in bloom the spirit of his poetry supervenes the often clumsy letter.

Is there time for such a ghost now, when no doubt we have Purneys of our own date? Why not? We have no general routine orders forbidding the enjoyment of a wandering breeze from summer riversides in ancient England. We may well copy Mr. White and allow our sensibilities to receive the cool sweetness of that old daydream, Pastoral; all too soon the noise from the arterial road will recall us. The fear of sentimental defeat defeats itself if we suppose at last that country life is, was, and must be a mere matter of bad teeth and sweaty cruelties.

To me, whose early years were spent a few miles from the scenes of Purney's eclogues, it is largely the delicacy of the manners and feelings then familiar which continue to speak. Purney's subject is mainly young love, and he records, if I am any judge of that neighbourhood, precisely the modesty, ardour, innocence and ingenuity that belonged to the subject. His words, where literary theory is not involved, are true to life:

He'll kiss till he's odd, and then kiss to come even.
He'll kiss at the Hedge, and he'll kiss at the Gate;
He'll kiss if the chattering Magpie but prate.

The setting is (to take a hint from Keats) perennially 'seasonable': It lies just beyond the town-meadow:

See, (quoth the little Heart) that Swan so fair!
'T has caught a Fish! will bring it here?
See! it's come close! O pretty, do but see!
I'll lay this Flower it's fair as thee!

Of three or four scarcely known eighteenth-century pastoral poets, Mr. White has rescued perhaps the obscurest, certainly the oddest; he has done his work as biographer and editor admirably; and Purney, the harassed Newgate chaplain, stands restored to his proper function of picturesque poetry.